OLD
ENGLISH
BALLADS

Ian Macdonald

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS

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OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

AND

FOLK SONGS

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"The plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

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PREFATORY NOTE

Those familiar with ballads will notice at once that I have normalized and to a certain extent modernized the texts that follow. This has been done for the reason assigned by Professor Child for giving an extract from Lindsay's *Chronicles* in a modernized text, "for more comfortable reading." But I shall not be surprised if I am told rather sharply that it would have been "mo scholarly" to reproduce with strict accuracy the orthographic vagaries of Richard Sheale and the sham archaism of Bishop Percy. It certainly would have been far easier, for it would have involved merely cutting out pages and reading proof. But in a book primarily intended to give students in colleges and secondary schools some idea of the content, method, and style of a species of poetry that in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries had an immense influence on English literary poetry, "what good," in Allingham's words, "in spelling 'high' four different ways in nine lines?" And as Professor Child, who with all his scrupulous fidelity changed "the affectedly antique spelling" of *Edward* and a few other ballads, says, "as spelling will not make

an old ballad, so it will not unmake one." Of course the apparent lawlessness of the originals gives "a quaint effect," and one may be told that "the Vandyke looks best in its antique frame"; but I am convinced that too much quaintness often prevents an appreciation of the essential characteristics and the poetical qualities of the ballads, that the frame draws the attention from the picture. I have therefore introduced a certain amount of uniformity in the texts and, save where the spelling seemed indicative of a pronunciation other than the ordinary, have given the words in their familiar forms. Apostrophes have been introduced, moreover, in such forms as ha'e, gi'e, lo'e, a', and ha', not to indicate that letters have fallen out, for in some cases they had not made their appearance at the time when, or in the dialect in which, the ballad was composed, but to suggest to the reader that an easy insertion will give a common English word in its modern form.

But while I have not followed my originals *literatim*, I have given them *verbatim*. Each text represents a single version, without the insertion of striking stanzas from other versions. A cento may be more poetical, and hence more pleasing, but it does not quite so accurately represent "the poetry of the folk." And even where the sense required the insertion or omission of a word, it has not been made without due notice.

My indebtedness to two writers, it will be seen, is very great. Professor Child made it impossible for any

one to work in this field without great obligations to him; Professor Gummere first put the doctrine that "*Das Volk dichtet*" on a rational basis. *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* of the first (now made generally accessible by the publication by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company of the Cambridge edition under the editorial supervision of Mrs. Helen Child Sargent and Professor Kittredge) and *The Beginnings of Poetry* (The Macmillan Company) of the second are books that should be owned, read, and reread by every teacher of literature. And to my friend and colleague, Dr. Walter Morris Hart, whose extensive knowledge of ballads and ballad literature enabled him to give me many helpful suggestions, I gratefully express my obligations.

W. D. A.

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INTRODUCTION.

Almost every word in the title of this little book, *Old English Ballads and Folk Songs*, requires some comment or explanation.

In the first place, though the poems are termed old, all are not of the same age, and no one of them can be accurately dated. Some are of the fifteenth or sixteenth century and contain elements much older; others probably arose as late as the eighteenth. In the notes are named the books in which they were first printed, and these are of comparatively recent date. But it must be remembered that the date of publication of a ballad merely gives a date later than which it could not have arisen, and that it may have circulated orally for centuries before it was even written down. If the ballad is founded on a historical occurrence, the event fixes a date before which it could not have originated, but no one can say how much later it may have grown out of the tradition.

Secondly, the ballads are termed English, though a number of them, and these among the best, arose north of the border between England and Scotland. But the Lowlanders were really of the same stock as the people south of the border, and the ballads are in a dialect of English, and, though not without special traits derived

from Celtic influence,[1] have the same essential characteristics as those that arose in England. There is no impropriety, therefore, in including them under the general term English. They are as much a part of English literature as are Burns's poems or Scott's novels.

Thirdly, the meaning of the word "ballads," as here used, must be clearly understood, considerable confusion having been caused because this one word is used to denote a number of different, and somewhat opposed, kinds of poetry. It is easier to state briefly what the word, as here used, does not mean than what it does. It does not mean such simple lyrics — simple in thought, feeling, style, and music — as one hears at a "ballad concert"; it does not mean the productions of Thomas Deloney,[2] William Elderton,[3] and other humble bards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose crude verses, badly printed on coarse paper, were hawked by itinerant chapmen[4] to those who loved a ballad in print; it does not mean such artistic and artificial poems as Tennyson's *Ballad of Oriana*, Rossetti's *Sister Helen*,

[1] Cf. SHAIRP, *The Songs of Scotland before Burns*. *Macmillan's Mag.*, III, 400.

[2] Of whom Nash in *Have with you to Saffron-Walden* (1596) said, "Thomas Deloney, the balleting silk-weaver of Norwich, hath rhyme enough for all miracles." Cf. SIEVERS: *Thomas Deloney. Eine Studie über Balladenlitteratur der Shakspere-Zeit*. *Palæstra*, XXXVI.

[3] Chappell quotes (*Old English Popular Music*, Wooldridge's ed. I, 56) from a manuscript of the time of James I: —

> "Will. Elderton's red nose is famous everywhere,
> And many a ballet shows it cost him very dear."

[4] Of whom Autolycus in Shakspere's *A Winter's Tale* is a representative.

and Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armor*. It means a narrative poem, anonymous and of uncertain origin, that has been handed down among the people by word of mouth. Partly because of the mode of transmission, it has certain characteristics that will be stated later.

Lastly, the title suggests a distinction between ballads and folk songs, the key to which is the word "narrative" in the definition just given. It is impossible to draw a hard and fast line between lyric and epic poetry, for a song may suggest, or even tell, a story that the reader may appreciate the feeling expressed, and a narrative poem may be suffused with emotion. Whether the poem is to be classed as lyric or epic depends on the relative importance of the story and the feeling,[1] and as to this opinions will differ. *O Gin My Love*, the first poem in this collection, is purely lyrical, simply the expression of love for the sweetheart. *Hind Horn* is purely narrative; the feeling of Horn on seeing the ring change color, of the lady on recognizing her lover in the supposed beggar, of the narrator at the union of the lovers, is left entirely to inference. But *The Bonny Earl of Murray* is more nearly an expression of grief at the fate of that unfortunate nobleman, and *The Lament of the Border Widow*, *Fair Helen*, and *Gilderoy*, while they tell stories, have as their paramount purpose the expression of emotion. They are therefore lyrics, and hence, in common with some other poems in this volume, will not be found in Child's great collection of *English and Scottish Popular*

[1] Cf. SHAIRP, *The Songs of Scotland before Burns. Macmillan's Mag.*, III, 401.

Ballads. The difference between folk songs and other lyrics "is mainly between oral, traditional origin and the deliberate and artistic composition of recorded literature."[1]

Passing now to consider the characteristics of these poems, we find, first, that both the ballads and the folk songs are anonymous. The great bulk of English poetry is by known authors and bears the marks of their personality. A poem by Chaucer is very different from one by Gower; a lyric by Burns from one by Wordsworth. In the complete works of many an author are pieces that were published anonymously and never acknowledged by the writer, but that critics have recognized by the style as his. "It sounds like Milton," one says on hearing an unfamiliar bit of that poet's blank verse. But the poems here are not only anonymous, they are without this personal note. Whatever the subject of the poem, whether love-tragedy, border-foray, or the fate of an outlaw, the manner of telling the story is practically the same; and so far as any indication of the author's personality is concerned, all might be by one author — or by no author. "If it were possible to conceive a tale as *telling itself*, without the instrumentality of a conscious speaker, the ballad would be such a tale."[2]

Another characteristic common to ballads and folk songs is the possession of rhyme and stanzaic form. Epic though the ballads are in nature, they are never in the unrhymed, continuous verse that we associate

[1] Gummere, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 420.

[2] Kittredge, Int. to the Cambridge ed. of Child's *Ballads*, xi.

with that species of poetry. Originally intended for singing, they have the lyrical structure.[1]

A third common characteristic is simplicity: the thought lacks subtlety, the emotion suggested or expressed is elemental, and the diction is that of everyday life. The self-conscious, deliberate poet always uses a diction somewhat different from that of contemporaneous conversation. Even Wordsworth, whose study of Percy's *Reliques*[2] led him to combat the conventional diction of eighteenth-century English poets, recognized a difference between the diction of poetry and that of conversation,[3] and considered some words too homely and familiar to be used in his verse.[4] Even literary prose has a diction of its own, as is shown when "He talks like a book" is said of one who introduces literary words into

[1] "They were made for singing an' no for reading; but ye ha'e broken the charm now, an' they'll never be sung mair." — Hogg's mother to Sir Walter Scott.

[2] "I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the *Reliques*; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own." — Essay, supplementary to the preface of the second ed. of *Lyrical Ballads* (Macmillan's ed., 873).

[3] "The language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; . . . this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life." — Preface to the second ed. of *Lyrical Ballads* (Macmillan's ed., 873).

[4] "Strife too humble to be named in verse" is the way he refers to the familiar game tit-tat-to in *The Prelude*, I (Macmillan's ed., 241).

his conversation. But the genuine, traditional ballads, untouched by collectors or editors, have no diction peculiarly their own. Inversion, moreover, is rare, and even the commonest figures of speech infrequent. The "hammering out" of unusual metaphors and similes, with which Shakspere represents Richard II as whiling away his time in prison,[1] is entirely absent. The ballad says what it has to say in simple, straightforward fashion.

Simplicity is seen, moreover, in the metre, rhymes, and stanzas. The metre is almost invariably the iambic, the one most in accord with the rhythm of the English language, and hence the one most easily written. Not infrequently in an English prose passage that contains strong feeling, as in Lincoln's *Address at Gettysburg* and Dickens's account of the death of Little Nell, the rhythm becomes regular, and the writer unconsciously produces iambic metre. But to write a long series of trochees, dactyls, or anapests requires conscious deliberation and a degree of artistic ability out of harmony with the other characteristics and with the origin of the ballads. Of course such feet occasionally occur, for it would take considerable art to avoid them.

The rhymes are naturally the obvious ones and certain pairs of words are made to do yeoman's duty: me — thee, stand — land, be — me, head — dead, knife — life, for instance, occur again and again. And the rhyming is by no means faultless; not only do assonance[2] (the

[1] *Richard II*, V, v, 5.

[2] For examples cf. GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, 304 Cf. also his Introduction, xxxi.

recurrence of the same vowel sound with different consonants) and "perfect rhyme" [1] (the mere repetition of a word) occur, but sometimes the words that are paired have no similarity in sound, as in flew — pig, me — Lon, done — thee, and wood — thee.

The stanzaic forms are also of the utmost simplicity, though in some ballads the simplicity is slightly disguised by the repetition of lines and the introduction of refrains and a chorus. Brandl recognizes [2] but two stanza forms in genuine traditional ballads, a rhyming couplet with four accents in each line, and a quatrain the first and third lines of which have four accents each while the second and fourth have three each. As only the second and fourth lines normally carry the rhyme, this quatrain may be considered as a couplet, each line of which has seven accents, and ballads in this measure are sometimes so printed. As the large majority of ballads are in stanzas of this second form, it is called "ballad metre." Though the normal quatrain is as stated, some variety occurs in the rhyme system: occasionally, as has been suggested, there is no rhyme; occasionally the first, second, and fourth lines rhyme; and occasionally all four lines rhyme. These forms are merely sporadic, but two occur so frequently that design is evinced; in one there is alternate, in the other internal, rhyme. In the following stanza from *Fair Janet* [3]

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] PAUL, *Grundriss der germanischen Philologie*, II, i, 840.

[3] In general, the examples are drawn from ballads not in this collection, partly that the student may find for himself similar examples in

the first and third lines rhyme, as do the second and fourth: —

"The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quire;
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonny brier;"

and in this form are about half of the stanzas in one version of *Chevy Chase*. The other form, in which the word before the cæsura in the third line rhymes with the final word of the line, is found mainly in some late Robin Hood ballads, not entirely of popular origin, and may be illustrated from *Robin Hood and the Ranger*: —

"Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Clothed in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen."

The same simplicity and lack of advanced art is to be seen in the relation of the thought to the structure of the ballad: both lines and stanzas are usually "end stopped,"[1] that is, close with a break in the thought generally sufficient to require a comma at the end of a line and at least a semicolon at the end of the stanza. Each stanza was apparently conceived as a mould that the thought must just fill. When it cannot be expressed in four lines, the thought is not usually carried over to the following

the texts given, partly with the hope that he may be attracted by them to further reading of ballads.

[1] The "run on" line indicates more advanced art. The percentage of each kind of line in a Shaksperian drama is one of the tests in determining whether it was produced early or late in his career. Cf. DOWDEN, *Shakspere; his Mind and Art*, 52, 54.

stanza, but two lines are added and a six-line stanza formed, as in the opening of *Chevy Chase*. Sometimes these added lines serve to introduce a speaker, when otherwise confusion might occur, as in *Robin Hood and the Monk*, a ballad of ninety stanzas, of which the eighth alone has six lines: —

"Then spake Much, the mylner [miller's] son,
Ever more well him betide!
'Take twelve of thy wight yemen,
Well weaponed by thy side.
Such one would thyself slon [slay]
That twelve dare not abide!'"

On the other hand, the thought to be expressed is sometimes insufficient to fill a quatrain, and is eked out by some unnecessary, or even irrelevant, line. In *Sir Andrew Barton* the captain of a ship is thus hailed by Admiral Howard: —

"'Thou must tell me thy name,' says Charles, my lord Howard,
'Or who thou art, or from whence thou came,
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,
To whom and where thy ship does belong;'"

and in answer: —

"'My name,' says he, 'is Henery Hunt,
With a pure heart and a penitent mind;
I and my ship they do belong
Unto the New-castle that stands upon Tyne;'"

where it is evident that the second line is suggested by nothing in the admiral's statement, and is introduced merely to fill out the stanza. "Under the greenwood tree," "under the leaves of lynd," "by Him that died on

tree" are stock lines frequently used as stop-gaps. As "phrases of transition and connection" are rarely used in the ballads, the stanzas may be likened to beads on a string rather than to links in a chain.

Anonymity, impersonality, the possession of stanzas, and therefore of rhyme, and simplicity are then characteristics common to ballads and folk songs. Passing now to consider the especial characteristics of the ballads, one must add something to what has been said of the impersonality of this species of poetry. In a way both ballad and folk song are impersonal, but the true ballad lacks individuality as the folk song does not.[1] *Fair Helen* is the expression of the grief of an individual, the lover whose lady-love gave her life to save him. It is a forsaken woman who is supposed to sing *Waly, waly.* In the traditional ballads, on the other hand, when feeling is expressed, as it occasionally is, it is the feeling of the community rather than of an individual, the pronoun I indicating the representative of the community rather than the actual singer.[2] But the typical traditional ballad is entirely concrete and objective: the most daring exploit is narrated without apparent partisanship; the most tragic event, without comment; the foulest crime, without moralizing. Whether a ballad is of English or Scottish origin can in some cases be determined only by external evidence; the utter perversion of known historical facts shows on which side of the Border it arose.

[1] Cf. GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, xvii; *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 183.

[2] Cf. GUMMERE, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 183, 186–189.

Stanzas in an otherwise unexceptionable ballad are sometimes condemned by scholars simply because they do express feeling or display partisanship.[1]

Nowhere is the absence of all expression of feeling more noticeable than in the treatment of the preternatural and the supernatural. A minor characteristic of the older ballads is the introduction of talking birds and animals: parrots, starlings, ravens, goshawks, crows, and cranes have the gift not only of speech but of reason; wild boars threaten; laily worms entice; serpents announce punishment; and horses answer the reproaches of their masters in good set terms. And these marvels are introduced with no expression that indicates that they were considered anything out of the ordinary. That his horse says: —

> "I stamped wi' my foot, master,
> And gard my bridle ring,
> But na kin thing wald waken ye,
> Till she was past and gane,"

seems to occasion as little surprise to the knight in *The Bloomfield Hill*, as do the stamping of the foot and the ringing of the bridle. There is absolutely no attempt, as in "the poetry of the schools," to create an "atmosphere" in which the marvellous seems natural. Contrast the opening of *Allison Gross* with that of Coleridge's *Christabel* or Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. In the ballads corpses speak; the spirits of the dead return; very young, even unborn, children talk; spells are wrought by witches and warlocks, and undone by the Billie Blin; and

[1] Cf. the note on "But O how pale his lady looked," on p. 206.

elves, fairies, etins, mermaids, and five-headed giants take part in the action; and these wonders are introduced as if they were commonplaces familiar to every one. The entire absence of glamoury is particularly well illustrated in the version of *Proud Lady Margaret*, published by Scott; one reads nineteen stanzas without an inkling that the "gallant knight" that converses with the lady is other than he appears, and in the remaining two learns that it is the ghost of her brother!

Another minor characteristic is the frequent recurrence of certain numbers, particularly three and seven. The number of sisters is usually three; "they had not ridden a mile, a mile, a mile but barely three" is a frequently recurring formula; three steps are usually taken when one enters water, and the effect of each is stated; the pulling of three nuts in *The King's Dochter Lady Jean* causes the appearance of the king's son, who had thrice come home; *Proud Lady Margaret* is heir to three castles; three guineas are given the porter in *Young Beichan*; three drops of St. Paul's blood restore a mother and child to life in *Leesome Brand*; *King Orfeo* played three tunes; the wild woman demanded three things in *The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove*; three months are passed in Norway in one version of *Sir Patrick Spence*; three unchaste women try on the mantle in *The Boy and the Mantle*, and three tests are presented in the same ballad; three strokes undo enchantment in *The Laily Worm and the Machrel of the Sea*; three things must the wooer not lack, according to *King Henry*; three questions are put to the bishop in *King John and the Bishop*; and three hundred pounds

a year is bestowed on the shepherd who answers them. So far is the preference for this number carried that it is occasionally used when some other would really be the correct one, as in *Child Maurice*: —

> "But when she looked on Child Maurice head,
> She never spake words but three:
> 'I never bare no child but one,
> And you have slain him trulye.'"

So in *Riddles Wisely Expounded* the number of questions is said to be three, but six are actually asked. The six are, however, given in three groups of two each, and this illustrates the practice of so dividing a larger number as to bring in this favorite one: "thrice three thousand pounds" is named in *Young Johnstone;* the lady in *The Lady and the Palmer* (a curious metamorphosis of the story of Christ and the woman of Samaria) has had nine children and the palmer tells their fate in three groups of three each and asserts that the lady must endure penance for three times seven years; thirty years and three has the porter served in *Young Beichan.* Particularly noticeable is the refrain in the version of *The Cruel Mother*, published by Motherwell, where the numbers have no particular relevance: —

> "Three, three, and three by three,
> * * * * *
> Three, three, and thirty-three."

A curious use of three is in expressions where our usage has two: hearts burst and backs break "in three" in a

number of ballads, and in *Lizzie Wan* the fair body of that unfortunate is cut "in three."

This preference for three is noticeable not only where the number is actually stated: there are frequently three incidents in the action; "incremental repetition" is usually in a series of three; three questions are asked of a person or three persons are asked the same question; a sufferer appeals to three persons.[1]

Even more frequently recurring than the "three sisters" are the "seven bold brothers." Seven sisters and seven brothers figure in *Erlinton*, seven king's daughters in *Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight* and *Gil Brenton*. The giant in *King Arthur and King Cornwall* has seven heads; seven knights are slain in *The Laily Worm and the Macherel of the Sea;* the hall is seven miles from a town in *King Henry;* seven ships belonged to the sister in *Fair Annie*. As three miles or three leagues is the favorite measure for distance, so is seven years for lapse of time: "seven years wark" is spoken of in *Gil Brenton;* "the war will last for seven year" in *Sir Lionel;* "seven lang years I ha'e served the king" begins *The Whummil Bore;* in *King Arthur and King Cornwall* King Cornwall had been clad and fed in Little Britain "seven yeere"; each seven years the fairies pay a tithe to hell, according to *Tam Lin; The Laily Worm and the Macherel of the Sea* begins "I was but seven year old"; the sweetheart

[1] Professor Courthope notes (*A History of English Poetry*, I, 461) "the constant use of the number *three*" and gives as the reason, "the convenience of the word for rhyming purposes," an explanation that dilates the eyes with wonder.

of *Young Andrew* loved him "this seven long yeere"; before seven years are at an end *Young Beichan* is to come back and marry Shusy Pye; "seven yeres and more" is the expression in *King Estmere*. Here too we find the preference shown where the number itself is not stated; the questions asked in *The Twa Sisters* and *Edward*, for instance, are seven in number.

Still another minor characteristic of the older ballads is the profuse and irrational use of gold,[1] silver, and gems. We hear not only of golden combs, rings, pins, chains, girdles, fans, wands, bells, cups, and knives, but also of golden headdresses, clothes, and shoes: chairs, gates, roofs, towers, and even coffins are made of the precious metal, and horses are caparisoned and shod with it. Silver is similarly used, but less profusely because less precious. And no maiden is so poor as not on occasion to appear in a smock "bedone wi' pearls" or to give her love a ring "o' the diamonds fine."

As has already been suggested, historical facts are used with the greatest freedom in the ballads. Victory is given to the vanquished, persons who lived centuries apart are made contemporaries, allies are represented at variance, names are freely changed, and deeds are attributed to persons who had, and who could have had, no connection with them. So thoroughly is this a characteristic of the genuine, traditional ballads that too close adherence to fact in a ballad is ground for suspicion as

[1] This, in the case of Turkish ballads, has been attributed to Oriental influences, but Mr. Lang points out (*Enc. Brit.*, *s. v.* Ballads) that it is "common to all folk song."

to its authenticity.[1] "For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in."

Considering the ballad style in the narrower sense, we note first the brusque, abrupt manner of telling the story. The action progresses by leaps and bounds, not only "phrases of transition and connection," but details and even events on which a poet that had fed of the dainties that are bred in a book would display his art being entirely omitted. Even the objective point is sometimes left to inference rather than explicitly stated. Note the omission of all description of the death of the lady and her children in *Captain Car*. In *Child Maurice* John Stewart says: —

> "For I have slain one of the courteousest knights
> That ever bestrode a steed,
> So have I done one [of] the fairest ladies
> That ever ware woman's weed!"

but whether in his wrath he actually killed her with the bright brown sword with which he had cut Maurice's head from his body, or whether she died of grief at the sight of her only child's head, it is impossible to tell. So in *Fair Margaret* and *Sweet William* Margaret spied William riding by with his bride, and

> "Down she laid her ivory comb,
> And up she bound her hair;
> She went her way forth of her bower,
> But never more did come there."

[1] Cf. Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, 19; Kittredge, Int. to Cambridge ed. of Child's *Ballads*, xvi.

The next stanza states that her spirit appeared that night at William's bedside, but whether she died of grief or committed suicide we are not told. The names of speakers are often left to be inferred from the context or from the ideas and sentiments they express, and the lack of clearness that sometimes results[1] has led to the insertion in some ballads of such extra-metrical expressions as "said the knight" (*A Gest of Robin Hood*), "quoth the sheriff" (*Guy of Gisborne*). One result of these omissions is that, in the best ballads, the telling speeches and situations are given simply, concisely, and powerfully, and the ballad, apart from the loitering effect of repetitions,[2] moves to the catastrophe with great swiftness.

In view of what has just been said, it is natural that there is in the ballads little dwelling on the setting of the tale, or on the personalities of the characters. Description, whether of places or persons, is rare, and "character drawing" entirely absent. At first thought the opposite seems to be true, for among the stanzas that linger in the memory of the modern reader are those that tell of the good greenwood, the yellow-haired, gray-eyed, lily-white-cheeked "may," and the knight in scarlet cloak on his golden-graith'd, siller-shod, berry-brown steed. But closer study will show that these picturesque touches are mere conventionalities that appear so often that they may almost be classed as ballad formulas. Of the portrayal of

[1] Cf. the note on "there we will take our rest," p. 189.

[2] "A very ill-natured critic might define ballads as a combination of the superfluous and the inadequate." — GUMMERE, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 195.

individual persons, the painting of individualized scenes, there is practically nothing in the ballads.[1]

This suggests what is probably the most noteworthy characteristic of the ballads, the love of repetition. We consider, first, instances observable only when a number of ballads are taken into consideration. A reading of the three hundred and five extant English ballads will show that their makers lacked invention; the same plots, situations, and groups of characters appear again and again, and the words used to narrate the events and describe the actors are the same in ballad after ballad. The maiden, "with hair as yellow as wex," who plucks a flower or a nut or breaks a branch in the wood, the "banished man" that starts up crying, "Lady, let alane!", the true-lover that falls on his sword after his sweetheart's death, the "bonnie boy" that would "win hoser and shoon" by carrying a message, the "wight yeoman" clad in "Lincoln green" and bearing a "good yew bow" "under the leaves of lynd" — all are familiar friends of the reader of ballads, and when they make their appearance he knows full well the lines that will follow. The "standing epithet" is naturally a characteristic of this species of poetry: maidens are generally "free"; hair is "yellow" or "gowden"; eyes are "gray"; waists, "jimp"; mantles, cloaks, and hoods are "scarlet"; sleeves, "green"; girdles, combs, and pins, "gowden"; gold is "red" or "yellow"; gold rings are "gay"; penknives are "wee" or "little"; swords are "bright" or "brown"; bowers are "bigly" or "painted"; horses

[1] Cf. [illegible]MMERE, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 192, 193.

are "milk-white" or "berry-brown"; and followers, even at the time of their leader's death, are "merry men."

Certain phrases, moreover, occur so frequently that they form "ballad formulas." "Lith and listen," "busk and boun," "by ford and fell," "by Him that died on tree," "the first step she stepped . . ., the next step she stepped," "with an awkward stroke," "under the greenwood tree," "under the leaves of lynd," "hosen and shoon," "gold and fee," are but a few of these. With the standing epithets they form the "ballad slang" over which humorists make merry.

Many of these combinations, it will be noticed, are alliterative. In the earliest English poetry alliteration, or "beginning rhyme," was essential to the verse structure, while final rhyme was rarely used. This system was supplanted by that introduced by the Normans, but lingered long, especially in poetry designed for the people, and left its mark in the fondness for alliteration as an ornament still seen in English verse. Naturally poetry so intimately connected with the people as is this under consideration abounds in alliteration.[1] Many of the expressions are undoubtedly proverbial, as "kith and kin," "bed and board," "time and tide," "might and main," but many others are peculiar to the ballads.

Of repetition as observable in single ballads, there are three varieties. The simplest of these is the exact repetition of a stanza or of stanzas that contribute to the

[1] Cf. GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, 305.

progress of the story. Successive incidents are narrated in the same words, speeches made under similar, or but slightly different, circumstances are identical, or practically so. In *Willie's Lady* a witch is made three successive offers if she will undo the spell that she has cast on her son's wife to prevent her giving birth to a child; three times she rejects the offer in the following words: —

> "O' her young bairn she'll ne'er be lighter,
> Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
>
> "But she shall die and turn to clay,
> And ye shall wed another may;"

three times the son responds: —

> "Another may I'll never wed,
> Another may I'll ne'er bring hame;"

and three times there follows the stanza: —

> "But sighing said that weary wight,
> 'I wish my life were at an end.'"

In *King John and the Bishop* the king puts to the bishop three questions that he must answer within twenty days or lose his head; the bishop tells them to his brother, a shepherd; the shepherd, disguised as the bishop, appears before the king, is told the questions, and answers them correctly. The questions fill eight lines, and are repeated, almost word for word, three times in ninety-four lines! A messenger gives his message in the precise words in which he received it, or varies them as little as possible. Sometimes an even greater change than is made is really

necessary to adapt the message to the circumstances of its delivery: in *Earl Crawford* the earl tells the messenger: —

"Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,
And ye maun neither lee nor len,
She may stay in her father's bowers,
For she'll not enter my yates again,"

and the messenger thus gives the message to the lady herself: —

"I'm bidden tell you, Lady Lillie —
I'm bidden neither to lee nor len —
She may stay in her father's bowers,
For she'll not enter my yates again."

Even more an especial characteristic of the ballad style is what has been called "progressive iteration,"[1] or "incremental repetition."[2] Successive incidents, actions, or questions, usually three, but occasionally seven, in number, are given each in a stanza, and the only changes in the successive stanzas are those absolutely necessary to express the new idea. In *Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet*, for instance, one stanza is: —

"Then up did start him Chiel Wyet,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart
A deep wound and a sair,"

and the following is precisely the same except that Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram change places. As in the some-

[1] GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, xxxiii.
[2] GUMMERE, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 194.

what similar rhetorical device called "parallelism" or "balanced structure," this repetition brings out in admirably effective manner the point of antithesis. In *Lord Thomas and Lady Margaret* the lady puts the cup to her lips, but does not drink of the wine which she has poisoned: —

> "She took the cup in her lily-white hand,
> Betwixt her finger and her thumb,
> She put it to her red rosy lips,
> But never a drop went down."

The unsuspecting Lord Thomas, on the other hand, gulps it down at a swallow: —

> "Then he took the cup in his manly hand,
> Betwixt his finger and his thumb,
> He put it to his red rosy lips,
> And so merrily it ran down."

Frequently, on the other hand, added effect is given to the climax or catastrophe by a decided change in the expression that one has come to expect from its iteration in the preceding stanzas of the series. In *The Two Brothers*, John, while wrestling with Willie, is accidentally wounded by a knife in his brother's pouch, and feeling that he is about to die, asks Willie to carry him to the kirk-yard and lay him in a grave. Willie obeys, and this dialogue ensues: —

> "But what will I say to my father dear,
> Should he chance to say, 'Willie, whar's John?'"
>
> "Oh say that he's to England gone,
> To buy him a cask of wine."

The next stanza is precisely like this save that 'mother" is substituted for "father" and "a new silk gown" for "a cask of wine," which are changed in the following stanza to "sister" and "a wedding ring." But the final stanza of the ballad is: —

> "What shall I say to her you lo'e dear,
> Should she cry, 'Why tarries my John?'"
>
> "Oh tell her I lie in fair Kirk-land,
> And home will never come."

Incremental repetition is to be noted in nearly all the real traditional ballads, but particularly striking examples of it may be seen in *Babylon*,[1] *The Maid Freed from the Gallows*,[2] and *The King's Dochter Lady Jean*.

The third kind of repetition noticeable in single ballads is that of certain lines that contribute nothing to the advance of the story, but rather retard it. However theorists may differ as to the ultimate origin of this kind of poetry, they are agreed that in their late development ballads were often sung by a leader to a listening throng. But the throng was by no means a passive one; they not only danced to the music, but themselves added a part to the song, — a chorus, burden, or refrain. These seem to be differentiated thus:[3] the chorus was a stanza sung by the throng *after* each stanza of the ballad; the burden was a stanza sung *with* each stanza of the ballad

[1] Cf. GUMMERE, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 195.
[2] Cf. KITTREDGE, Int. to Cambridge ed. of Child's *Ballads*, xxv.
[3] Cf. GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, lxxxiv; *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 315 ff.

as a kind of accompaniment; the refrain was the line (or lines) sung by the throng after certain lines in each stanza of the ballad. It is not always possible, however, in particular cases, *Captain Car*, for instance, to determine whether the repeated stanza was a chorus or a burden, for the manuscripts do not indicate whether it was sung *after* or *with* each stanza of the ballad. Apparently, however, in the extant English ballads refrains were much more frequent than choruses or burdens.[1] These refrains are of various kinds. Some are mere collocations of meaningless sounds, as the

"Hey nien nanny"

of *Sir Lionel*. One that occurs frequently in the Robin Hood ballads is

"With a hey down down a down down."

Sometimes they suggest smiling, flower-bedecked meadows, as

"And the sun shines over the valleys and a',
* * * * * * *
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow and a',"

the refrain to *Willie's Lyke-Wake*. Occasionally they are lines of favorite songs, as in *Sir Lionel*: —

[1] Professor Gummere says (*The Beginnings of Poetry*, 173): "The original ballad was always property of a throng, was always sung, was always danced, and was never without a dominant refrain;" and on the basis of a count made by Mr. C. H. Carter, states (*Ibid.*, 327): "Of the 305 ballads in [Child's] collection, 106 in at least one version show evidence of refrain or chorus, — more than a third; while of some 1250 versions in all, about 300 have the refrain."

"Wind well thy horn, good hunter
* * * * * *
For he was a jovial hunter." [1]

Sometimes they are apparently addresses to a person or persons, as the

"Follow, my love, come over the strand"

of *The Fair Flower of Northumberland* and the

"Gentle hearts, be to me true"

of *The Cruel Mother*. Nautical ballads occasionally have appropriate refrains, as in *The Sweet Trinity*: —

"In the Netherlands
* * * * *
In the Netherlands
* * * * *
Sailing in the Lowlands."

In *The Twa Sisters* occurs a peculiar one, in which three Scotch cities are named: —

"Edinburgh, Edinburgh
* * * * * * *
Sterling for ay
* * * * * * *
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay."

Occasionally the burden or refrain gives the tone of the whole ballad, as in *Captain Car*,[2] but more frequently its lightness and gayety accentuate by contrast the gloom

[1] Cf. CHAPPELL, *Old English Popular Music*, Wooldridge's ed., I, 39.

[2] *Ibid.*, I, 73.

and tragedy of the story, as in *The Cruel Brother* and *Willie's Lyke-Wake.*

Somewhat similar to the use of the refrain, but not nearly so interesting or important, is the regular repetition, by the leader or the throng, of the lines of the ballad itself. Sometimes this occurs in conjunction with the refrain and chorus, and the essential simplicity of the ballad structure is, as has been said, partially disguised. The first stanza of *The Maid and the Palmer* is thus printed: —

> "The maid she went to the well to wash,
> Lillumwham, lillumwham!
> The maid she went to the well to wash,
> What then? what then?
> The maid she went to the well to wash,
> Dew fell off her lily-white flesh.
> Grandam boy, grandam boy, hey!
> Leg a derry, leg a merry, met, mer, whoop, whir!
> Driuance, larumben, grandam boy, hey!"

but the following stanzas are simply four-stressed couplets.

We come, finally, to consider the origin of this species of poetry. Ballads similar to the English are found in many European tongues[1] and scholars of many lands have worked on the problem of their origin, and the causes of their peculiar characteristics. Two principal theories, each held by men of first-rate rank in scholarship, have been put forward.[2]

[1] Cf. GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, 297–302, for a brief account of the ballads of Europe.

[2] The views of the principal writers on the subject are succinctly given by Professor Gummere in his *Old English Ballads*, xxxv ff. and *The*

According to one of these theories the ballads originated in the work of individuals,[1] and, so far as mode of composition is concerned, differ in no way from other poetry. They became "popular" in precisely the manner and sense in which a catchy song from a burlesque or comic opera becomes popular nowadays. Among a people unable to read or write they were transmitted by word of mouth, as American children teach one another "London Bridge," and naturally, in the course of time, changes, sometimes conscious but for the most part unconscious, would be made in different communities, and different versions of a favorite ballad would grow up. As the people became more sophisticated supernatural events would be given a common-sense explanation, as "London Bridge" probably developed from a game that represented a contest between angels and demons for a man's soul. A local application would be given to the ballad, as the children of Massachusetts after the opening of the bridge between Boston and Cambridge in the latter part of the eighteenth century sang of "Charlestown Bridge." And with the lapse of years all but the most striking stanzas of a ballad would be forgotten, as the few lines of "London Bridge" that are repeated again and again in the American game are all that remain of the long song of the English version.[2] Entirely

Ballad and Communal Poetry, Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature, V, 41.

[1] An extreme statement of this theory is, "Everything in the ballad — matter, form, composition — is the work of the minstrel; all that the people do is to remember and repeat what the minstrel has put together." — COURTHOPE, *A History of English Poetry*, I, 468.

[2] Cf. NEWELL, *Games and Songs of American Children*, 204–211.

to the mode of transmission, the upholders of this theory assert, are due the distinctive characteristics of the ballad style: the standing epithets, exact repetitions, and progressive iterations were so many helps to the memory; the refrain and chorus were for the purpose of giving the leader time, while the throng was singing, to recall the lines that were to come. This theory, which may be termed the individualistic, is so simple and so in accord with our modern notions that it readily carries conviction to those who confine their attention to the English ballads in their present form.

The upholders of the other theory assert, however, that a broader outlook and a careful study of the beginnings of poetry as they are found in widely separated peoples, far apart in time, will show this simple theory to be untenable.[1] They do not deny that individuals have had a large share in the formation of the ballads as we have them, but contend that the germs from which this species of literature developed are to be found in certain doings of a whole community and that the genuine traditional ballads show marks of this communal origin.[2] The earli-

[1] "This theory fails to account, among other things, for the universal sameness of tone, of incident, of legend, of primitive political formulæ, which the Scotch ballad possesses, in common with the ballads of Greece, of France, of Provence, of Portugal, of Denmark, and of Italy." — LANG, *Enc. Brit.*, *s. v.* Ballads.

[2] "Wherever we turn, we find in these ballads something impersonal and communal which we recognize as their differentiating element; and we also find the agency of a singer, a skilful recording secretary, one might say, who stands between us and the community, running withal the chances of oral transmission." — GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, lxviii.

est poetry, if the word may be applied to the crude beginning, they assert, was made not only of the people and for the people, but by the people: it was "popular" in a sense in which "Mr. Dooley" and "The Message of the Violet" are not popular. They examine the earliest records of peoples that have attained civilization and culture and the present practices of the most primitive peoples now living, and practically everywhere they find the same phenomena. The beginnings of poetry, and hence of literature, among the ancient Greeks no less than among the present-day savages of Africa, South America, and Australia, are found in a dancing, singing throng, all dancing and all singing.

Originally this "ballad-dance" was probably nothing more than the ordering of the leaps and gesticulations of those under strong excitement. That they were made common is practically saying that they were made rhythmical, for community of effort necessitates rhythm, and naturally the rhythm would be marked by grunts or cries, as men pulling on a rope time their pulls. For a mere ejaculation a word would be substituted, and this would be repeated again and again with variations of tone, pitch, and length. The substitution of two words of different length for the one indefinitely repeated would come next, and from this to a brief sentence expressive of the joy or grief of the community would be an easy step. It is hard for us with our ideas of poetry derived from highly developed, artistic, individualistic verse, to think that Chaucer's tales, Shakspere's dramas, and Tennyson's songs are an evolution from the singing for

hours by a dancing tribe of some such line as "The sand hills are good;"[1] but the ballad-dance has been termed "the literary protoplasm,"[2] for in its combination of thought, action, and music it contained the germs of epic, dramatic, and lyric poetry.

But alike as the folk was in thought and feeling,[3] all its members were not of equal ability, and those more forceful or more graceful in their dancing, more accurate in their feeling of rhythm, or more apt at finding new combinations of words that, while marking the rhythm, expressed the feeling of the occasion, in course of time emerged from the throng and became leaders. As they differed only in ability from their fellows, what they did was imitated, what they sang was repeated. They were representatives of the community, with practically none of the feeling of individuality of the civilized man,[4] and if by chance they uttered aught out of harmony with the general thought and feeling, it was modified or ignored.

[1] Quoted by Professor Gummere (*Primitive Poetry and the Ballad*, Modern Philology, I, 200) from Spencer and Gillen's *The Native Tribes of Central Australia*.

[2] MOULTON, *The Ancient Classical Drama*, 3.

[3] Child thus expresses (*Johnson's Cyclopædia, s. v.*, Ballad Poetry) the homogeneity of the folk: "there is such community of ideas and feelings that the whole people form an individual;" and states that the poetry produced under such circumstances "will always be an expression of the mind and heart of the people as an individual, and never of the personality of individual men."

[4] "Everything leads us to believe that at the outset collectivism was at its maximum and individualism at its minimum." — RECLUS, *Primitive Folk*, 57.

"We accept, then, as the principle of literary growth, the progressive deepening and widening of personality." — POSNETT, *Comparative Literature*, 72.

Imagine the warriors of such a people returning from a successful raid on a neighboring tribe. They are greeted with the shouts of the old men, the women, and the children; but soon the tumultuous welcome changes into the orderly ballad-dance, in which the warriors themselves join. The well-nigh sacred formula expressive of the joy of victory is repeated again and again and the traditional lines that tell of past achievements of the tribe are sung, till one of the warriors shouts in the rhythm in which all are singing a line that tells an incident in the raid that is being celebrated; another singer adds another incident; another, another; till the stay-at-homes have a more or less complete account of the affair. But the throng does not keep silent while these incidents are being given: all are dancing and all are full of the spirit of the occasion; they therefore accompany the individual with the singing of the victory formula, and the result is a ballad (far more crude than the crudest English) with a burden; or roar it forth after each new line, and the result is a ballad with a refrain. As each singer varies traditional expressions only so far as is necessary,[1] the new ballad can be readily remembered and is sung again and again, with modification of any lines not truly expressive of the communal thought and feeling. It becomes a traditional ballad. Who was its author? Certainly the community had a far larger share in its production than had any individual.

The next advance towards individuality and artistry

[1] Cf. TEN BRINK, Paul's *Grundriss der germanischen Philologie* II, i, 513.

would be the substitution for the improvising warriors of a single expert leader skilled at adapting the old expressions to the new incidents; but long generations would be required to bring about this change, and the work, in good part old, would still be revised and controlled by the folk.

This is no imaginative sketch. Though the development can be traced in detail in no one people, practically every step in the process has been noted by students of primitive culture; and to the poetry that thus arose there seems no impropriety in applying the term communal, though no one asserts that any existing ballad was made in this simple fashion.[1]

Following the expert representative of the folk, but much, much later, would come the professional minstrel, with his stock of traditional ballads, and the silent, motionless, listening crowd. The singer has become a reciter; the accompanying throng, an audience. The chorus and the refrain disappear, and the traditional ballads are changed to suit the new conditions. Our English ballads generally represent this stage. "Lith and listen, gentlemen" is evidently the address of an individual singer or reciter to an audience, as is the concluding stanza of the first fit of *Chevy Chase*.[2] But apart

[1] "One is by no means to suppose that the ballad of tradition, as it lies before one now, can be taken as an accurate type of earliest communal song. . . . Improvisation in a throng cannot give the unity of purpose and the touch of art which one finds in *Spens*; that comes partly from individual and artistic strands woven in with the communal stuff." — GUMMERE, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, 172.

[2] I should have noted in the proper place Professor Gummere's sug-

from these "tags," the genuine traditional ballads are almost entirely impersonal.

But to expect the minstrels to confine themselves to their traditional stock would be to ask too much of poor, weak human nature. Having the knack of rhyming and the desire for "pudding and praise," they put into ballad form for the entertainment of their humble auditors incidents from the romances that had pleased the upper classes, and with their heads full of traditional methods and formulas naturally gave their work some of the characteristics of the folk ballads. But the tone of these "minstrel ballads" is so different from that of the old that it is readily distinguished by ballad students. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

These then are the two contrasted theories, the individualistic and the communal. They are not after all so far apart as their extreme advocates would lead one to think; neither denies to the folk a large part in the formation of the existing ballads, neither denies a goodly share to the individual. The principal difference is as to the starting point, the originating impulse: the first, attributing it to the individual, is more in accord with our modern notions of composition; the second, attributing it to the folk, seems to explain better the profusion of repetition in the older ballads, and its gradual waning, the universal anonymity, and, especially, the characteristic impersonality that makes them almost, if not quite,

gestion (*The Beginnings of Poetry*, 188) that "find" in the second line of this stanza means *fine*, finish, end.

impossible of imitation by any writer of culture.[1] The first theory strives to explain ballads, the second the ballad.

Not all classes of ballads are represented in the following pages, but it is believed that the ballads that have been selected are not only interesting in themselves and typical of the classes that they represent, but that they give a fair idea of the subjects usually treated and the manner of treatment. In general, they are arranged according to the number of characters involved, from the lover and his lass of *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington* to the warring armies of *The Battle of Otterburn*. Succeeding love stories with a "happy ending" will be found among those that end tragically: *Edward* represents domestic tragedy; five examples of popular treatment of different phases of the supernatural follow; *Sir Patrick Spence* begins those in which the relation of the individual to the state or the governing power is a prominent, in most cases a predominant feature; two ballads, *Captain Car* and *The Bonny Earl of Murray*, narrate tragedies caused by the fierce rivalry of the Scottish clans; and the remaining three are international, telling of clashes between the English and the Scotch of the Border.

I conclude with the words that England's first printer prefixed to his edition of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.

[1] We may well feel grateful to those poets and poetasters who have tried their hands at it, for their invariable failure is one of the strongest proofs — amounting almost to demonstration — that there *is* a difference between the "poetry of the folk" and "the poetry of art." — KITTREDGE, Int. to the Cambridge ed. of Child's *Ballads*, xxix.

"Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renoun. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and believe that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty."

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE°

O GIN my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.
O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
My love's bonny and fair to see;
Whene'er I look on her weel-fared face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,°
And I mysel' a bonny wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
O my love's bonny, etc.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper o' the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.
O my love's bonny, etc.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON[c]

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son:
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.[c]

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so;
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prythee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

HIND HORN°

"Hind Horn fair, and Hind Horn free,
O where were you born, in what countrie?"

"In gude green-wood, there I was born,
And all my forbears me beforn.

"O seven years I served the king,
And as for wages, I never gat nane;

"But ae sight o' his ae daughter,
And that was through an auger-bore.°

"My love ga'e me a siller wand,
'Twas to rule ower a' Scotland.

"And she ga'e me a gay gowd ring,
The virtue o't was above a' thing.

"'As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true:

"'But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye'll know I love another man.'"

He hoist up sails, and awa' sailed he,
And sailed into a far countrie.

And when he looked upon his ring,
He knew she loved another man.°

He hoist up sails and home came he,
Home unto his ain countrie.

The first he met on his own land,
It chanced to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man?
What news, what news ha'e ye to me?"

"Nae news, nae news," said the auld man,
"The morn's our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed?
And I'll lend you my riding steed."

"My begging weed will ill suit thee,
And your riding steed will ill suit me."

But part be right, and part be wrang,°
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.

"Auld man, come tell to me your leed;
What news ye gi'e when ye beg your bread."

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike staff ye lend ye till.

"But whan ye come near by the yett,
Straight to them ye will upstep.

"Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,°
Nane frae high or low o' them all.

"And frae them all ye will take nane,
Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand."

He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,
Nane frae the high nor low o' them all.

And frae them all he would take nane,
Until it came frae the bride's ain hand.

The bride came tripping down the stair,
The combs o' red gowd in her hair.

A cup o' red wine in her hand,
And that she ga'e to the beggar man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring.

"O got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,
Or got ye't on a drowned man's hand?"

"I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,
Nor got I it on a drowned man's hand.

"But I got it at my wooing gay,
And I'll gi'e't you on your wedding day."

"I'll take the red gowd frae my head,
And follow you, and beg my bread.

"I'll take the red gowd frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair."

Atween the kitchen and the ha',
He loot his cloutie cloak down fa',

And wi' red gowd shone ower them a',
And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta'.

YOUNG AKIN°

LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond's wood,°
And wished she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
And the needle to her tae,
And she is on to Elmond's wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,°
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came a young hind chiel,
Says, "Lady, let alane.

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brake ye the tree?
For I am forester o' this wood;
Ye should spier leave at me."

"I'll ask leave at no living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er a' this realm,
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
Till by it came him Young Akin,
And gar'd her lat them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's wood,
He's pu'd it by the reet,
And he has built for her a bower,
Near by a hallow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane;
Though travellers were never sae nigh,
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's wood
For six lang years and one,
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,
This guid lord went from home,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his eldest son.

And when they were on a guid way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk,
The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk:

"A question I would ask, father,
Gin ye wouldna angry be:"
"Say on, say on, my bonny boy,
Ye'se nae be quarrelled by me."

"I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,
I never can see them dry;
And I wonder what aileth my mither,
To mourn continually."

"Your mither was a king's daughter,
Sprung frae a high degree,
And she might ha'e wed some worthy prince,
Had she nae been sto'n by me.

"I was her father's cup-bearer,
Just at that fatal time;
I catched her on a misty night,
Whan summer was in prime.

"My luve to her was most sincere,
Her luve was great for me,
But when she hardships doth endure,
Her folly she does see."

"I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,
The linnet o' the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upo' another day,
This guid lord he thought lang,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his dog and gun.

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's aff, single, alane,
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame.

"O I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be:"
"Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye'se nae be quarrelled by me."

"As we came frae the hind-hunting,
We heard fine music ring:"
"My blessings on you, my bonny boy,
I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brithers also,
And they are on through Elmond's wood,
As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Wi' the stratlins o' their feet;
They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Till at her father's yate.

"I ha'e nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings ha'e three;
I'll gi'e them you, my little son,
And ye'll walk there for me.

"Ye'll gi'e the first to the proud porter,
And he will lat you in;
Ye'll gi'e the next to the butler-boy,
And he will show you ben°;

"Ye'll gi'e the third to the minstrel
That plays before the king;
He'll play success to the bonny boy
Came through the wood him lane."

He ga'e the first to the proud porter,
And he opened an' let him in;
He ga'e the next to the butler-boy,
And he has shown him ben

He ga'e the third to the minstrel
That played before the king;
And he played success to the bonny boy
Came through the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee;
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his ee

"Win up, win up, my bonny boy,
Gang frae my companie;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will burst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none;
If I look like your dear daughter,
I am her eldest son."

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your yates,
And my six brithers her wi'."

"O where are all my porter-boys
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yates baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee;
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee;
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, mither,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
She hailed her courteouslie;
"Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think."

"O where are all my rangers bold
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far an' wide,
And bring Akin to me?"

Out it speaks the little wee boy:
"Na, na, this maunna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye'll nae him see."

"O here I grant a free pardon,
Well sealed by my own han';
Ye may make search for Young Akin,
As soon as ever you can."

They searched the country wide and braid,
The forests far and near,
And found him into Elmond's wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up now, Young Akin,
Win up, and boun wi' me;
We're messengers come from the court,
The king wants you to see."

"O lat him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touched, Akin,
Nor hanged upon a tree;
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee;
"Win up, win up now, Young Akin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy asked a boon:
"I wish we were in the good church,
For to get christendoun.

"We ha'e lived in guid green-wood
This seven years and ane;
But a' this time, since e'er I mind,
Was never a church within."

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be;
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang you wi'."

When unto the guid church she came,
She at the door did stan';
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She coudna come far'er ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile ga'e he;
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John;
They called the eldest Young Akin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they stayed in the royal court,
And lived wi' mirth and glee,
And when her father was deceased,
Heir of the crown was she.

THE GAY GOSHAWK°

"O WALY, waly, my gay goshawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

"O have ye tint at tournament
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom you may not win near?"

"I have not tint at tournament
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true-love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goshawk,
Ye can baith speak° and flee;
Ye s'all carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."

"But how s'all I your true-love find,
Or how s'uld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

"O weel s'all ye my true-love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

"The red that's on my true-love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bouer-door
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four-and-twenty fair ladies
Will to the mass repair,
But weel may ye my lady ken,
The fairest lady there."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa' to southern land,
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that lady's bouer,
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sang thereon,
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that lady fair
Amang her maidens free,
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword° of the sang
Was, "Your love can no win here."

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true-love sen'."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he pecked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord William;
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I s'all meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she,
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee!"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

"But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then, gin I die in southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye'se gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye'se gar the bells be rung;

"And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye'se tarry there till night."
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bouer,
As fast as she could fare,
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee;
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

They drapt a drap o' the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her chin;
"And ever alas!" her mother cried,
"There is nae life within."

They drapt a drap o' the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her breast-bane;
"Alas!" her seven bauld brothers said,
"Our sister's dead and gane."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hewed to her a bier;
They hewed it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every steek that they pat in,
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They gar'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They gar'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam' to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said;
"Let me look her upon."
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her color began to come.

She brightened like the lily-flower,
Till her pale color was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
For I ha'e fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn°;
I trow you wad ha'e gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn."

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman;
An ill death may you die!
For we left father and mother at hame,
Breaking their hearts for thee."

ANNAN WATER°

"Annan water's° wading deep,°
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am laith she sh'uld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonny black;
Gar saddle sune and make him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope slack,°
And all to see my bonny lady."

He has loupen on the bonny black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;
But ere he wan the Gatehope-slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonny gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonny lady.

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare;
But when she wan the Annan water,
She could na ha'e ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonny gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

O he has pu'd aff his dapperpy coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady!

"O wae betide the frush saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of brier!
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

"And wae betide ye, Annan water!
This night that ye are a drumlie river;
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL°

High upon Highlands and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled and gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his guid horse, but never cam' he.

Out cam' his auld mither greeting fu' sair,
And out cam' his bonnie bride riving her hair.

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle, but never cam' he.

"My meadow lies green and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build, and my babe is unborn."

Saddled and bridled and booted rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle, but never cam' he.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET°

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was come, and sun was set,
They had not talked their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
  Fair Annet took it ill:
"A, I will never wed a wife
  Against my ain friends' will."

"Gif ye wull never wed a wife,
  A wife wull ne'er wed ye."
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
  And knelt upon his knee.

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,
  "A gude rede gi'e to me;
O s'all I tak' the nut-brown bride,
  And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,
  Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has
  O it wull soon be gane."

And he has till his brother gane:
  "Now, brother, rede ye me;
A, s'all I marry the nut-brown bride,
  And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,
  The nut-brown bride has kye;
I wad ha'e ye marry the nut-brown bride,
  And cast fair Annet by."

"Her oxen may die i' the house, billie,
  And her kye into the byre,
And I s'all ha'e nothing to mysel
  Bot a fat fadge by the fire."

And he has till his sister gane:
"Now, sister, rede ye me;
O s'all I marry the nut-brown bride,
And set fair Annet free?"

"I'se rede ye tak' fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the brown bride alane;
Lest ye s'ould sigh, and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?"

"No, I will tak' my mither's counsel,
And marry me out o' hand;
And I will tak' the nut-brown bride,
Fair Annet may leave the land."

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
Twa hours ere it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

"Rise up, rise up, fair Annet," he says,
"Put on your silken sheen°;
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirk,
And see that rich weddeen."

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair;
Where'er ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

"My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland° fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind;
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.°

Four and twanty siller bells
Were a' tied till his mane,
And yae tift o' the nor'land wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam' to Marie's kirk,
She sat on Marie's stean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam' into the kirk,
She shimmered like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,
And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up than spak' the nut-brown bride,
She spak' wi' meikle spite:
"And where gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak' ye sae white?"

"O I did get the rose-water
Where ye wull ne'er get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame."

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she never spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote be;
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed he.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave [it] into the nut-brown bride
That fell deid at his feet.

"Now stay for me, dear Annet," he said,
"Now stay, my dear," he cried;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quier,
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
The other a bonny brier.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,°
As they wad fain be near;
And by this ye may ken right-weel
They were twa luvers dear.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW°

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the daw'ing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,°
On the dowie houms of Yarrow." °

"O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,°
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O come ye here to part your land,
The bonny forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord!
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,°
Wi' my true love on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!°

"But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain — the comeliest knight they've slain —
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kissed them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear;
For a' this breeds but sorrow.
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear;
Ye mind me but of sorrow.
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY°

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armor so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armor so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I mak' a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,°
"For your strokes they are wond'rous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland° sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds.
That ware redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For ye have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother!" he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak' my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day —
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,°
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,°
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flanged in St. Mary's Loch.°

THE CRUEL BROTHER°

THERE was three ladies played at the ba',
With a hey ho and a lily gay.
There came a knight and played o'er them a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
But the youngest was beyond compare.

The midmost had a graceful mien,
But the youngest looked like beauty's queen.

The knight bowed low to a' the three,
But to the youngest he bent his knee.

The lady turned her head aside,
The knight he wooed her to be his bride.

The lady blushed a rosy red,
And said, "Sir knight, I'm o'er young to wed."

"O lady fair, give me your hand,
And I'll make you lady of a' my land."

"Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,
You maun get consent frae a' my kin."

He's got consent frae her parents dear,
And likewise frae her sisters fair.

He's got consent frae her kin each one,
But forgot to spier at her brother John.°

Now, when the wedding day was come,
The knight would take his bonny bride home.

And many a lord and many a knight
Came to behold that lady bright.

And there was nae man that did her see,
But wished himself bridegroom to be.

Her father dear led her down the stair,
And her sisters twain they kissed her there.

Her mother dear led her through the close,
And her brother John set her on her horse.

She leaned her o'er the saddle-bow,
To give him a kiss ere she did go.

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And stabbed the bonny bride to the heart.

She hadno ridden half through the town,
Until her heart's blude stained her gown.

"Ride softly on," said the best young man,
"For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan."

"O lead me gently up you hill,
And I'll there sit down, and make my will."°

"O what will you leave° to your father dear?"
"The silver-shod steed° that brought me here."

"And what will ye leave to your mother dear?"
"My velvet pall and my silken gear."

"What will you leave to your sister Anne?"
"My silken scarf and my gowden fan."

"What will you leave to your sister Grace?"
"My bloody clothes to wash and dress."

"What will you leave to your brother John?"
"The gallows-tree to hang him on."

"What will you leave to your brother John's wife?"
"The wilderness to end her life."

This fair lady in her grave was laid,
And a mass was o'er her said.

But it would have made your heart right sair,
To see the bridegroom rive his hair.

FAIR HELEN[a]

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me.

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!" —

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

LORD RANDAL°

"O WHERE ha'e ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boiled in broo'°; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

WALY, WALY, LOVE BE BONNY°

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak',
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore sh'uld I busk my head?
Or wherfore sh'uld I kaim my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat° s'all be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
Saint Anton's well s'all be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws' inclemencie;

'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
  We were a comely sight to see,
My love was cled in black velvet,
  And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,
  That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
  And pinned it with a siller pin.
And, oh! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane!
  For a maid again I'se never be.

EDWARD°

"WHY does your brand° sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward;
Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid,
And why sae sad gang ye O?"
"O I ha'e killed my hawk sae guid,
Mither, mither;
O I ha'e killed my hawk sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot he O."

"Your hawkis bluid was never sae reid,
Edward, Edward;
Your hawkis bluid was never sae reid,
My dear son, I tell thee O."
"O I ha'e killed my reid-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O I ha'e killed my reid-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e gat mair,
Edward, Edward;
Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e gat mair;
Some other dule ye dree O."
"O I ha'e killed my fadir dear,
Mither, mither;
O I ha'e killed my fadir dear,
Alas and wae is me O!"

"And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?

And whatten penance wull ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me O."
" I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea O."

" And what wull ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what wull ye do wi' your towers and your ha',
That were sae fair to see O?"
" I'll let them stand tull they doun fa',
Mither, mither;
I'll let them stand tull they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I be O."

" And what wull ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wull ye leave to your bairns° and your wife,
Whan ye gang over the sea O?"
" The warldis room; let them beg throw life,
Mither, mither;
The warldis room; let them beg throw life,
For them never mair wull I see O."

" And what wull ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what wull ye leave to your ain mither dear?
My dear son, now tell me O."
" The curse of hell from me s'all ye bear,
Mither, mither;
The curse of hell from me s'all ye bear,
Sic counseils ye gave to me O."

THOMAS THE RHYMER°

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntly bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee,
And there he saw a lady bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.[c]

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee;
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me.
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,
"Harp and carp along wi' me:
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me.°"
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me:
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and further on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind
Until they reached a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven°?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,°
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree°;
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gi'e to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.°

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair lady."
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

ALLISON GROSS°

O Allison Gross, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch i' the north countrie,
Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,
And mony fair speech she made to me.

She stroked my head, an' she kembed my hair,
An' she set me down saftly on her knee;
Says, "Gin ye will be my leman so true,
Sae mony braw things as I wou'd you gi'e."

She showed me a mantle o' red scarlet,
Wi' gouden flowers an' fringes fine;
Says, "Gin ye will be my leman so true,
This goodly gift it s'all be thine."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa' an' lat me be;
I never will be your leman sae true,
An' I wish I were out o' your companie!"

She neist brought a sark o' the saftest silk,
Well wrought wi' pearls about the ban';
Says, "Gin ye will be my ain true love,
This goodly gift you s'all comman'."

She showed me a cup of the good red gold,
Well set wi' jewels sae fair to see;
Says, "Gin you will be my leman sae true,
This goodly gift I will you gi'e."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa' and lat me be;
For I wou'dna ance kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that ye could gi'e."

She turned her right and roun' about,
An' thrice she blaw on a grass-green horn,°
An' she sware by the meen and the stars abeen,
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,
An' she's turned her three times roun' an' roun';
She's muttered sich words till my strength it failed,
An' I fell down senseless upon the groun'.

She's turned me into an ugly worm,°
And gar'd me toddle about the tree;
An' ay on ilka Saturdays night
My sister Maisry came to me,

Wi' silver bason an' silver kemb,
To kemb my heady° upon her knee;
But or I had kissed her ugly mouth,
I'd rather a toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,
When the seely court° was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lie.

She took me up in her milk-white han',
An' she's stroked me three times o'er her knee;
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,°
An' I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

KEMP OWYNE°

Her mother died when she was young,
  Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the warst woman
  That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
  In everything that she could dee,
Till once, in an unlucky time,
  She threw her in o'er Craigy's sea.°

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
  And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come o'er the sea,
  And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
  Oh, borrowed shall you never be!"

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
  And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
  Thought that a savage beast was she.

These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
  Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
  And on the savage beast looked he.

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
  And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
  "Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be°;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
  The royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
  And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
  As fair a woman as fair could be.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
Whan word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * *

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * * *

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna crawed but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw',
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,°
That kindles my mother's fire."

* * * * *

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE°

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleet,° and candle light,
And Christ receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art passed,
Every night and alle;
To Whinny-muir° thou comest at last;
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle;
Sit thee down and put them on;
And Christ receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare bane;
And Christ receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst pass,
Every night and alle;
To Brig o' Dread° thou comest at last;
And Christ receive thy saule.

* * * * *

From Brig o' Dread when thou mayst pass,
Every night and alle;
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last;
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
  Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrink;
  And Christ receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou never gavest nane,
  Every night and alle;
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
  And Christ receive thy saule.

This ae night, this ae night,
  Every night and alle;
Fire and sleet, and candle light,
  And Christ receive thy saule.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE°

The king sits in Dumferling toun,°
Drinking the blude-reid wine;
"O whar will I get a guid sailor,
To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spak' an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt knee:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the sea."

The king has written a braid letter,°
And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To send me out this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Mak' hast', mak' hast', my mirry men all,
Our guid ship sails the morn."
"O say na sae, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm,
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
  That we will come to harm.°"

O our Scots nobles were richt laith
  To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
Bot lang or a' the play were played,
  Their hats they swam aboon.°

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
  Wi' their fans into their hand,°
Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spence
  Come sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
  Wi' their gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for their ain dear lords,
  For they'll see thame na mair.

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,°
  It's fifty fadom deep,
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

YOUNG WATERS°

About Yule, when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,°
A ! there is come to our king's court
Mony a well-favored man.

The queen luikt o'er the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw young Waters
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind ;
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
And siller shod behind° ;
The horse young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spake a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he,
"O tell me wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company."

"I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree ;

Bot a fairer face than young Waters
Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spak' the jealous king,
And an angry man was he:
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"Bot the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wad nae be;
Bot for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun dee.

They ha'e ta'en young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They ha'e ta'en young Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft have I ridden through Stirling town
In the wind both and the weet;
Bot I ne'er rade through Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

"Aft have I ridden through Stirling town
In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I ne'er rade through Stirling town
Ne'er to return again."

They ha'e ta'en to the heiding-hill
His young son in his craddle,
And they ha'e ta'en to the heiding-hill
His horse both and his saddle.

They ha'e ta'en to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did dee.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY°

Merry it was in the green forest
Among the leaves green,
Whereas men hunt east and west
With bows and arrows keen,

To raise the deer out of their den;
Such sights has oft been seen,
As by three yeomen of the north country,
By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
Another Clym of the Clough,°
The third was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good enough.

They were outlawed for venison,°
These yeomen everyeche one;
They swore them° brethren on a day
To English wood° for to gone.

Now lith and listen, gentlemen,
That of mirth loveth to hear!
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere

William was the wedded man;
Much more then was his care.
He said to his brethren upon a day,
To Carlisle° he would fare,

There to speak with fair Alice his wife
And his children three.
"By my troth," said Adam Bell,
"Not by the counsel of me;

"For if ye° go to Carlisle, brother,
And from this wild wood wend,
If that the justice do you take,
Your life is at an end."

"If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By prime° to you again,
Trust you then that I am ta'en
Or else that I am slain."

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone;
There he knocked at his own window
Shortly and anon.

"Where be you, fair Alice?" he said,
"My wife, and children three?
Lightly let in thy own husband,
William of Cloudeslie."

"Alas!" then said fair Alice,
And sighed very sore,
"This place hath been beset for you
This half a year and more."

"Now am I here," said Cloudesly,
"I would that in I were;
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make good cheer."

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
  Like a true wedded wife;
And pleased him with that she had,
  Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in the place,
  A little before the fire,
Which William had found of charity
  More than seven year.

Up she rose, and forth she goes, —
  Evil mote she speed therefor! —
For she had set no foot on ground
  Not seven year before.

She went into the justice hall
  As fast as she could hie;
"This night," she said, "is come to town
  William of Cloudeslie."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
  So was the sheriff also;
"Thou shalt not travel hither, dame, for nought;
  Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go."

They gave to her a right good gown, —
  Of scarlet it was, as I heard sain, —
She took the gift, and home she went,
  And couched her down again.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
  In all the hast' they can,
And came thronging to William's house
  As fast as they might gone.

There they beset the good yeoman
About on every side;
William heard great noise of the folks
That hitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a back window
And looked all about;
She was 'ware of the justice and sheriff both,
And with them a full great rout.

"Alas, treason!" then cried Alice;
"Ever woe may thou be!
Go into my chamber, sweet husband," she said,
"Sweet William of Cloudeslie."

He took his sword and his buckeler,
His bow, and his children three;
He went into the strongest chamber,
Where he thought the surest to be.

Fair Alice, like a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hand;
Said, "He shall die that cometh in
This door while I may stand."

Cloudesly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree;
He smote the justice on the breast
That his arrow burst in three.

"God's curse on his heart," said William,
"This day thy coat did on!
If it had been no better then mine,
It had been near the bone."

"Yield thee, Cloudesly," said the justice,
"And the bow and arrows thee fro'."
"God's curse on his heart," said fair Alice,
"That my husband counseleth so!"

"Set fire on the house," said the sheriff,
"Sith it will no better be;
And burn we there William," he saith,
"His wife and his children three."

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire fled on high;
"Alas!" then said fair Alice,
"I see here we shall die."

William opened a back window
That was in his chamber hie;
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and children three.

"Have you here my treasure," said William,
"My wife and children three;
For God's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me!"

William shot so wondrous well
Till his arrows were all ago',
And fire so fast about him fell
That his bow string burnt in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good William of Cloudeslie;
But then was he a woful man, and said,
"This is a coward's death to me!

"Liever had I," said William,
"With my sword in the rout to run,
Than here among my enemies wood
So cruelly to burn."

He took his sword and his buckler then,
And amongst them all he ran:
Where the people thickest were,
He smote down many a man;

There might no man abide his strokes,
So fiercely on them he ran.
Then they threw windows and doors at him,
And then they took that yeoman.

There they bound him hand and foot,
And in a deep dungeon him cast.
"Now, Cloudesly," said the justice,
"Thou shalt be hanged in hast'."

"One vow shall I make," said the sheriff,
"A pair of new gallows shall I for thee make;
And all the gates of Carlisle shall be shut;
There shall no man come in thereat.

"There shall not help ye° Clym of the Clough,
Nor yet Adam Bell,
Though they came with a hundred men,
Nor all the devils in hell."

Early in the morning the justice arose;
To the gates fast 'gan he gone,
And commanded to shut close
Lightly everyeche one.

Then went he to the market place,
As fast as he could hie,
There a new pair of gallows he set up°
Hard by the pillory.

A little boy stood them among,
And asked what meant that gallow-tree,
They said, "To hang a good yeoman
Called William of Cloudeslie."

The little boy was town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice swine;
Full oft he had seen William in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice of the wall;
Lightly to the wood he run;
There met he with these wighty yeomen
Shortly and anon.

"Alas!" then said the little boy,
"You tarry here all too long;
Cloudesly is ta'en and damned to death,
And ready to be hanged."

"Alas," then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we saw this day!
He had better have tarried with us,
As so oft° we did him pray.

"He might have dwelt in green forest
Under the shadows green,
And kept both him and us at rest,
Out of all trouble and teen."

Adam bent a right good bow;
A great hart soon he had slain:
"Take that, child," he said, "to thy dinner,
And bring me mine arrow again."

"Now go we hence," said these jolly yeomen;
"Tarry we no longer here;
We shall him borrow, by God's grace,
Though we buy it full dear."

To Carlisle went these bold yeomen,
All in a morning of May.
Here is a fit of Cloudesly:
Another is for to say.

The Second Fit

And when they came [to] merry Carlisle,
All in a morning tide,
They found the gates shut them unto
Round about on every side.

"Alas," then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wondrous fast
That we may not come therein."

Then spake Clym of the Clough:
"With a wile we will us in bring;
Let us say we be messengers,
Straight come from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter well [written];
Now let us wisely mark;
We will say we have the king's seal;
I hold the porter no clark."

Then Adam Bell beat at the gates
With strokes hard and strong.
The porter marveled who was thereat
And to the gates he throng.

'Who be there," said the porter,
"That makes all this knocking?"
"We be two messengers," quoth Clym of the Clough,
"Be come right from our king."

"We have a letter," said Adam Bell;
"To the justice we must it bring;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were again to the king."

"Here cometh none in," said the porter,
"By Him that died on a tree,
Till that false thief be hanged,
Called William of Cloudeslie."

Then spake good Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary free,
'If that we stand long without,
Like a thief hanged thou shalt be.

"Lo! here we have the king's seal!
What, lurden, art thou wood?"
The porter [weened] it had been so,
And lightly did off his hood.°

"Welcome is my lord's seal!" he said;
"For that you shall come in."
He opened the gates shortly;
An evil opening for him!

"Now are we in," said Adam Bell,
"Whereof we are right fain;
But Christ he knows assuredly
How we shall get out again."

"Had we the keys," said Clym of the Clough,
"Right well then should we speed;
Then might we come out well enough,
When we see time and need."

They called the porter to counsel,
And wrang his neck in two,
And cast him in a deep dungeon,
And took his keys him fro'.

"Now am I porter," said Adam Bell;
"See, brother, the keyes have we here;
The worst porter in merry Carlisle
That came this hundred year.

"Now we will our bowes bend,
Into the town will we go,
For to deliver our dear brother,
That lieth in care and woe."

Then they bent their good yew bows,
And looked their strings were round:
The market place in merry Carlisle
They beset in that stound.

And as they looked them beside
A pair of new gallows there they see,
And the justice with a quest of squires,
That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudesly lay ready there in a cart,
Fast bound both foot and hand;
And a strong rope about his neck,
All ready for to hang.

The justice called to him a lad:
Cloudesly's clothes he should have,
To take the measure of that yeoman,
Thereafter to make his grave.

"I have seen as great marvel," said Cloudesly,
"As between this and prime,
He that maketh a grave for me,
Himself may lie therein."

"Thou speakest proudly," said the justice;
"I will thee hang with my hand."
Full well hard this his brethren two
There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudesly cast his eye aside,
And saw his two brethren
At a corner of the market place,
Ready the justice to slain.

"I see comfort," said Cloudesly;
"Yet hope I well to fare;
If I might have my hands at will,
Right little would I care."

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free:
"Brother, see you mark the justice well;
Lo, yonder you may him see!

"At the sheriff shoot I will
Strongly with an arrow keen;
A better shot in merry Carlisle
This seven year was not seen."

They loosed their arrows both at once;
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the sheriff, the other the justice,
That both their sides 'gan bleed.

All men voided that them stood nigh
When the justice fell to the ground,
And the sheriff nigh him by:
Either had his death's wound.

All the citizens fast 'gan fly,
They durst no longer abide;
There lightly they loosed Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe out of his hand he wrung;
On each side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried all too long.

William said to his brethren two,
"This day let us live and die;
If ever you have need as I have now,
The same shall you find by me."

They shot so well that tide,
  For their strings were of silk sure,
That they kept the streets on every side;
  That battle long did endure.

They fought together like brethren true,
  Like hardy men and bold;
Many a man to the ground they threw,
  And made many a heart cold.

But when their arrows were all gone,
  Men pressed to them full fast;
They drew their swords then anon,
  And their bows from them cast.

They went lightly on their way
  With swords and bucklers round:
By that it was mid of the day,
  They made many a wound.

There was many an outhorn° in Carlisle was blown,
  And the bells backward did ring;
Many a woman said "Alas!"
  And many their hands did wring.

The mayor of Carlisle forth come was
  And with him a full great rout;
These yeomen dread him full sore,
  For of their lives they stood in great doubt.

The mayor came armed a full great pace,
  With a pollaxe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was,
  There in that stour to stand.

The mayor smote at Cloudesly with his bill,
His buckler brast in two;
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
"Alas, treason!" they cried full woe;
"Keep well the gates fast," they bade,
"That these traitors thereout not go."

But all for naught was that they wrought,
For so fast they were down laid,
Till they all three that so manfully fought
Were gotten out at abraid.

"Have here your keys!" said Adam Bell;
"Mine office here I forsake;
If you do by my counsel,
A new porter do you make."

He threw their keys at their heads,
And bade them evil to thrive,
And all that letteth any good yeoman
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be the good yeomen gone to the wood:
As lightly as leaf on lynd
They laugh and be merry in their mood°;
Their enemies were far behind.

When they came to merry greenwood,
Under the trusty tree,
There they found bows full good,
And arrows great plenty.

"So God me help!" said Adam Bell
And Clym of the Clough so free,

"I would we were in merry Carlisle
Before that fair meany."

They sat down and made good cheer,
And eat and drank full well.
A second fit of the wighty yeomen:
Another I will you tell.

The Third Fit

As they sate in English wood,
Under the greenwood tree,
They thought they hard a woman weep,
But her they could not see.

Sore then sighed fair Alice,
And said, "Alas that ever I saw this day!
For [now] is my dear husband slain;
Alas, and wellaway!

"Might I have spoken with his dear brethren,
Or with either of them twain,
To show them what him befell,
My heart were out of pain."

Cloudesly walked a little aside;
He looked under the greenwood lynd;
He was 'ware of his wife and children three,
Full woe in heart and mind.

"Welcome, wife," then said William,
"Under the trusty tree!
I had weened yesterday, by sweet Saint John,
Thou shouldst me never had see."

"Now well is we," she said, "that ye be here!
My heart is out of woe."
"Dame," he said, "be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two."

"Hereof to speak," said Adam Bell,
"I wis it is no boot;
The meat that we must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot."

Then they went down into the lawnde,
These noble men all three;
Each of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they could see.

"Have here the best, Alice, my wife,"
Saith William of Cloudesly,
"Because ye so boldly stood by me,
When I was slain full nigh."

Then they went to supper
With such meat as they had,
And thanked God for their fortune:
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certain, without any lease,
Cloudesly said, "We will to our king,
To get us a charter of peace.

"Alice shall be at our sojourning
At a nunnery here beside;
My two sons shall with her go
And there they shall abide.

"My eldest son shall go with me,
For him I have no care,
And he shall bring you word again,
How that we do fare."

Thus be these good yeomen to London gone,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the king's palace,
Where they would needs be.

But when they came to the king's court
And to the palace gate,
Of no man would they ask leave
But boldly went in thereat.

They proceeded presently into the hall,
Of no man they had dread;
The porter came after and did them call,
And with them 'gan to chide.

The usher said, "Yeomen, what would you have?
I pray you, tell to me;
You might make officers shent:
Good sirs, from whence be ye?"

"Sir, we be outlaws of the forest,
Certes without any lease,
And hither we be come to the king,
To get us a charter of peace."

And when they came before the king,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneeled down without letting,
And each held up his hand.

They said, "Lord, we beseech ye sure
That ye will grant us grace!
For we have slain your fat fallow deer
In many a sundry place."

"What be your names?" then said the king;
"Anon that ye tell me."
They said, "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudeslie."

"Be ye those thieves," then said our king,
"That men have told to me?
Here I make a vow to God
You shall be hanged all three.

"Ye shall be dead without mercy,
As I am king of this land!"
He commanded his officers every one
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomen,
And arrested them all three.
"So may I thrive," said Adam Bell,
"This game liketh not me.

"But, good lord, we beseech you now,
That ye will grant us grace,
Insomuch as we do to you come;
Or else that we may from you pass,

"With such weapons as we have here,
Till we be out of your place;
And if we live this hundred year,
Of you we will ask no grace."

"Ye speak proudly," said the king;
"Ye shall be hanged all three."
"That were great pity," said the queen,
"If any grace might be.

"My lord, when I came first into this land
To be your wedded wife,
[You said] the first boon that I would ask
You would grant me belive;

"And I asked ye never none till now,
Therefore, good lord, grant it me."
"Now ask it, madam," said the king,
"And granted it shall be."

"Then, good my lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me."
"Madam, ye might have asked a boon
That should have been worth them all three.

"You might have asked towers and towns,
Parks and forests plenty."
"None so pleasant to my pay," she said,
"Nor none so lief to me."

"Madam, sith it is your desire,
Your asking granted shall be;
But I had liever have given you
Good market townes three."

The queen was a glad woman,
And said, "Lord, god a mercy!
I dare undertake for them
That true men they shall be.

"But, good lord, speak some merry word,
That some comfort they might see."
"I grant you grace," then said the king;
"Wash, fellows, and to meat go ye."

They had not sitten but a while,
Certain without leasing,
There came two messengers out of the north,
With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king
They kneeled down upon their knee,
And said, "Your officers greet you well
Of Carlisle in the north countrie."

"How fareth my justice?" said the king,
"And my sheriff also?"
"Sir, they be slain, without leasing,
And many an officer mo'."

"Who hath them slain?" then said the king,
"Anon that you tell me."
"Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudeslie."

"Alas! for wrath," then said our king,
"My heart is wondrous sore;
I had rather than a thousand pounds,
I had known this before.

"For I have granted them grace,
And that forthinketh me;
But had I known all this before,
They had been hanged all three."

The king he opened the letter anon,
Himself he read it tho,
And there found how these outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo':

First the justice and the sheriff,
And the mayor of Carlisle town;
Of all the constables and catchpolls,
Alive were left but one.

The bailiffs and the beadles both,
And the sargeant of the law,
And forty foresters of the fee,°
These outlaws have they slaw;

And broke his parks and slain his deer,
Of all they chose° the best;
So perilous outlaws as they were,
Walked not by east nor west.

When the king this letter had read,
In heart he sighed sore;
"Take up the tables,°" then said he,
"For I can eat no more."

The king then called his best archers
To the butts with him to go,°
"To see these fellows shoot," said he,
"That in the north have wrought this woe."

The king's archers busked them blithe,
So did the queen's also,
So did these three wighty yeomen,
They thought with them to go.

There twice or thrice they shot about
For to assay their hand;
There was no shot these yeomen shot
That any pricke° might stand.

Then spake William of Cloudesly:
"By Him that for me died,
I hold him not a good archer
That shooteth at butts so wide."

"Where at?" said the king,
"I pray you tell to me."
"At such a butt, sir," he said,
"As men use in my countrie."

William went into the field,
And his two brethren with him;
There they set up two hazel rods,
Four hundred paces between.

"I hold him an archer," said Cloudesly,
"That yonder wand cleaveth in two."
"Here is none such," said the king,
"For no man can so do."

"I shall assay," said Cloudesly,
"Or that I further go."
Cloudesly with a bearing arrow°
Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," said our king,
"Forsooth that ever I see."
"And yet for your love," said William,
"I will do more mastery.

"I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear;
I will tie him to a stake—
All shall see him that be here—

"And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score paces him fro',
And I myself with a broad arrow
Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now hast' thee," said the king,
"By Him that died on a tree,
But if thou dost not as thou has said,
Hanged shalt thou be!

"An thou touch his head or gown
In sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall you hang all three!"

"That I have promised," said William
"That I will never forsake;"
And there even before the king,
In the earth he drove a stake,

And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bade him stand still thereat,
And turned the child's face him fro',
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent;
Six score paces they were meten,
And thither Cloudesly went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,—
His bow was great and long,—
He set that arrow in his bow
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that were there
That they would still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Had need of a steady hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudesly,
That his life saved might be;
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many a weeping eye.

Thus Cloudesly clave the apple in two,
As many a man might see.
"Now God forbid," then said the king,
"That thou shouldst shoot at me!

"I give° thee eight pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear,
And over all the north country
I make thee chief rider."

"And I'll give thee thirteen pence a day," said the queen,
"By God and by my fay!

Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay.

"William, I make thee a gentleman,
Of clothing and of fee;
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my chamber,
For they are lovely to see.

"Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar he shall be;
And when he comes to man's estate,
Better preferred shall he be.

"And, William, bring me your wife," said the queen,
"I long her sore to see;
She shall be my chief gentlewoman
To govern my nursery."

The yeomen thanked them full courteously,
And said, "To some bishop we will wend,
Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assoiled at his hand."

So forth be gone these good yeomen
As fast as they can hie,
And after came and lived with the king,
And died good yeomen all three.

Thus endeth the life of these good yeomen,
God send them eternal bliss!
And all that with a hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven they may never miss!

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN*

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

Though he was called Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quaked at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you will but listen a while;
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
"Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thro ough the forest I rove.

"We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow."

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good bye;
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanced to espy.

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
  And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
  "I'll show you right Nottingham° play."

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
  A broad arrow with a goose-wing;
The stranger replied, "I'll liquor thy hide,
  If thou offerest to touch the string."

Quoth bold Robin Hood, "Thou dost prate like an ass,
  For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
  Before thou couldst strike me one blow."

"Thou talk'st like a coward," the stranger replied;
  "Well armed with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
  Have nought but a staff in my hand."

"The name of a coward," quoth Robin, "I scorn,
  Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
  The truth of thy manhood to try."

Then Robin Hood stepped to a thicket of trees,
  And chose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
  To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

"Lo! see my staff; it is lusty and tough,
  Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
  The battle, and so we'll away"

"With all my whole heart," the stranger replied;
"I scorn in the least to give out."
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

And first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring;
The stranger he said, "This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

"So long as I'm able to handle my staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn."
Then to it both goes, and followed their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke, he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on a fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

"I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?"
The stranger, in laughter, he cried.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, "Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

"I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul;
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end."

Then, then to the bank he did presently wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blowed a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn:

The echo of which through the valleys did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appeared,
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen;
So up to their master they steered.

"O what's the matter?" quoth William Stutely;
"Good master, you are wet to the skin."
"No matter," quoth he; "the lad which you see,
In fighting, hath tumbled me in."

"He shall not go scot-free," the others replied.
So straight they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,
"He is a stout fellow, forbear.

"There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery straight,

"And other accoutrements fit for a man.
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow-deer."

"O here is my hand," the stranger replied;
"I'll serve you with all my whole heart.
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part."

"His name shall be altered," quoth William Stutely,
"And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry;" quoth he.

They presently fetched in a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;
They loved what was good; so, in the greenwood,
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist;
A pretty sweet lad. Much feasting they had;
Bold Robin the christening graced,

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

"This infant was called John Little," quoth he,
"Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John."

They all with a shout made the elements ring,
So soon as the office was o'er;
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor galore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And clothed him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have aught in their purse.

"We live here like squires, or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And ev'rything at our command."

Then music and dancing did finish the day;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves° they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he lived,
Although he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

GUY OF GISBORNE°

When shales been sheen, and shradds full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry, walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small birds' song.°

The woodweete sang° and would not cease
Amongst the leaves o' lyne;
[So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now by my fay," said jolly Robin,
"A sweven I had this night°;]
And it is by two wight yeomen,°
By dear God that I mean:

"Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro':
If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wrocken on both them tow."

"Swevens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never so lowd this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Busk ye, bown ye, my merry men all!
For John shall go with me;
For I'll go seek yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where they be."

They cast on their gown of green;
A shooting gone are they,

Until they came to the merry greenwood
  Where they had gladdest be;
There were they ware of [a] wight yeoman,
  His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
  Had been many a man's bane,
And he was clad in his capul-hide,
  Top and tail and mane.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
  "Under this trusty tree,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
  To know his meaning truly."

"A, John! by me thou sets no store,
  And that's a farley thing;
How oft send I my men before,
  And tarry myself behind?

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
  An a man but hear him speak;
An it were not for bursting of my bow,
  John, I would thy head break."

But often words they breeden bale;
  That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barnesdale,°
  The gates he knows each one.

And when he came to Barnesdale,
  Great heaviness there he had;
He found two of his own fellows
  Were slain both in a slade,

And Scarlet afoot flying was
  Over stocks and stone,
For the sheriff with seven score men
  Fast after him is gone.

"Yet one shot I'll shoot," says Little John,
  "With Christ his might and main;
I'll make yond fellow that flies so fast
  To be both glad and fain."

John bent up a good yew bow,
  And fettled him to shoot;
The bow was made of a tender bough,
  And fell down to his foot.

"Woe worth thee, wicked wood," said Little John,
  "That e'er thou grew on a tree!
For this day thou art my bale,
  My boot when thou should be!"

This shot it was but loosely shot,
  The arrow flew in vain,
And it met one of the sheriff's men:
  Good William o' Trent was slain.

It had been better for William Trent
  To hang upon a gallow,
Then for to lie in the greenwood,
  There slain with an arrow.

And it is said, when men be met,
  Six can do more than three;
And they have ta'en Little John,
  And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down," quoth the sheriff,
"And hanged high on a hill."
"But thou may fail," quoth Little John,
"If it be Christ's own will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
For he is bound fast to a tree,
And talk of Guy and Robin Hood
In the greenwood where they be;

How these two yeomen together they met
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what merchandise they made
Even at that same time.

"Good morrow, good fellow!" quoth Sir Guy;
"Good morrow, good fellow!" quoth he;
"Methinks by this bow thou bears in thy hand
A good archer thou seems to be.

"I am wilful of my way," quoth Sir Guy,
"And of my morning tide."
"I'll lead thee through the wood," quoth Robin;
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," quoth Sir Guy;
"Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day
Than forty pounds of gold."

"If you tow met, it would be seen whether were better
Afore ye did part away;

Let us some other pastime find,
Good fellow, I thee pray.

"Let us some other masteries make,
And we will walk in the woods even,
We may chance meet with Robin Hood
At some unset steven.°"

They cut them down the summer shroggs
Which grew both under a brier,
And set them three score rood in twin
To shoot the prickes full near.

"Lead on, good fellow," said Sir Guy;
"Lead on, I do bid thee."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin Hood;
"The leader thou shalt be."

The first good shot that Robin led,
Did not shoot an inch the pricke fro'.
Guy was an archer good enough,
But he could ne'er shoot so.

The second shot Sir Guy shot,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin Hood shot it better than he,
For he clove the good pricke-wand.

"God's blessing on thy heart!" says Guy;
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better than Robin Hood.

"Te . me thy name, good fellow," quoth Guy,
"Under the leaves of lyne."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good Robin;
"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth Guy,
"And I have done many a curst turn;
And he that calls me by my right name,
Calls me Guy of good Gisborne.°"

"My dwelling is in the wood," says Robin;
"By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A fellow thou has long sought."

He that had neither been a kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright;

To have seen how these yeomen together fought
Two hours of a summer's day:
It was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That fettled them to fly away.

Robin was reachless on a root,
And stumbled at that tide;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

"Ah, dear Lady!°" said Robin Hood,
"Thou art both mother and may!
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

Robin thought on our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again;
And thus he came with an awkward stroke°;
Good Sir Guy he has slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And sticked it on his bow's end;
"Thou hast been traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And knicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on a woman born
Could tell who Sir Guy was:

Says, "Lie there, lie there, good Sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth."

Robin did off° his gown of green,
[On] Sir Guy he did it throw;
And he put on that capul-hide°
That clad him top to toe.

"Thy bow, thy arrows, and little horn
With me° now I'll bear;
For now I will go to Barnesdale,
To see how my men do fare."

Robin set Guy's horn to his mouth;
A loud blast in it he did blow,
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham°
As he leaned under a low;

"Hearken! hearken!" said the sheriff;
"I heard no tidings but good;
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
For he hath slain Robin Hood:

"For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
For yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Clad in his capul-hide.

"Come hither, thou good Sir Guy!
Ask of me what thou wilt have!"
"I'll none of thy gold," says Robin Hood,
"Nor I'll none of it have;

"But now I have slain the master," he said,
"Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the reward I ask,
Nor no other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff;
"Thou shouldest have had a knight's fee.
Seeing thy asking been so bad,
Well granted it shall be."

But Little John heard his master speak,
Well he knew that was his steven;
"Now shall I be loset," quoth Little John,
"With Christ's might in heaven."

But Robin he hied him towards Little John;
He thought he would loose him belive.
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.

"Stand aback! stand aback!" said Robin;
"Why draw you me so near?
It was never the use in our country
One's shrift another should hear."

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boot.

But John took Guy's bow in his hand,
His arrows were rawstye by the root°;
The sheriff saw Little John draw a bow
And fettle him to shoot —

Towards his house in Nottingham
He fled full fast away,
And so did all his company,
Not one behind did stay.

But he could neither so fast go,
Nor away so fast run,
But Little John with an arrow broad
Did cleave his heart in twin.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL[1]

When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound,
Hey, down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley° gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone;
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree;
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head°;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.

JOHNNIE COCK°

JOHNNIE he has risen up i' the morn,
Calls for water to wash his hands;
But little knew he that his bloody hounds
Were bound in iron bands, bands,
Were bound in iron bands.

Johnnie's mother has gotten word o' that,
And care-bed she has ta'en:
"O Johnnie, for my benison,
I beg you'll stay at hame;
For the wine so red, and the well-baken bread,
My Johnnie shall want nane.

"There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,
At Pickeram where they dwell,
And for a drop of thy heart's bluid
They wad ride the fords of hell."

Johnnie he's gotten word of that,
And he's turned wondrous keen;
He's put off the red scarlet,
And he's put on the Lincolm green.°

With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And a bent bow in his hand,
He's mounted on a prancing steed,
And he has ridden fast o'er the strand.

He's up i' Braidhouplee, and down i' Bradyslee,
And under a buss o' broom,
And there he found a good dun deer,
Feeding in a buss of ling.

Johnnie shot and the dun deer lap,
And she lap wondrous wide,
Until they came to the wan water,
And he stemmed her of her pride.

He 'as ta'en out the little pen-knife,
'Twas full three quarters long,
And he has ta'en out of that dun deer
The liver bot and the tongue.

They eat of the flesh and they drank of the blood,
And the blood it was so sweet,
Which caused Johnnie and his bloody hounds
To fall in a deep sleep.

By then came an old palmer,
And an ill death may he die!
For he's away to Pick'ram Side,
As fast as he can drie.

"What news, what news?" says the seven forsters,
"What news have ye brought to me?"
"I have no news," the palmer said,
"But what I saw with my eye.

"High up i' Bradyslee, low down i' Bradyslee,
And under a buss of scroggs,
O there I spied a well-wight man,
Sleeping among his dogs.

"His coat it was of light Lincolm,
And his breeches of the same,
His shoes of the American leather,
And gold buckles tying them."

Up bespake the seven forsters,
Up bespake they ane and a':
"O that is Johnnie o' Cockley's Well,
And near him we will draw."

O the first y stroke that they ga'e him,
They struck him off by the knee;
Then up bespake his sister's son:
"O the next'll gar him die!"

"O some they count ye well-wight men,
But I do count ye nane;
For you might well ha' wakened me,
And asked gin I wad be ta'en.

"The wildest wolf in a' this wood
Wad not ha' done so by me;
She'd ha' wet her foot i' th' wan water,
And sprinkled it o'er my bree,
And if that wad not ha' wakened me,
She wad ha' gone and let me be.

"O bows of yew, if ye be true,
In London, where ye were bought,
Fingers five, get up belive,
Manhuid shall fail me nought."

He has killed the seven forsters,
  He has killed them all but ane,
And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,
  To carry the bode-words hame.

"Is there never a boy in a' this wood°
  That will tell what I can say;
That will go to Cockley's Well,
  Tell my mither to fetch me away?"

There was a boy into that wood,
  That carried the tidings away,
And many ae was the well-wight man
  At the fetching o' Johnnie away.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT

Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself now before our king?
Scotland is so full of treachery.

Yes, there is a man in Westmorland,°
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call;
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he looked this letter upon,
He looked as blithe as a bird in a tree:
"I was never before a king in my life;
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

"But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord! we will go most gallantly;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

"And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike."

But when Johnny went from Giltnock Hall,[c]
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain;
"Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock Hall!
I fear I shall never see thee again."

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him;
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

"O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightscore men and me!
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away with thee, thou false traitor!
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee."

Then Johnny looked over his left shoulder,
And to his merry men thus said he:
"I have asked grace of a graceless face,[o]
No pardon there is for you and me."

Then John pulled out his good broad sword
That was made of the metal so free;
Had not the king moved his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

'Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly;
It shall never be said we were hanged like dogs;
We will fight it out most manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold —
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free —
Till they had killed all the king's good guard;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, "Fight on, my merry men° all,
I am a little wounded but am not slain°;
I will lay me down to bleed a while,
Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain;
For they were resolved, before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot page,
With his bonny grisel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock Hall,
The lady spied him presently:
"What news, what news, thou little foot-page?
What news from thy master and his company?"

"My news is bad, lady," he said,
"Which I do bring, as you may see:
My master Johnny Armstrong is slain,
And all his gallant company."

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny grisel!
Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,°
As he sat on his nurse's knee:
"If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be."

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW°

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower,°
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?

O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.°

GILDEROY°

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
Had roses tull his shoon,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doun:
It was, I ween, a comely sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy

Oh! sike twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes;
He gained the luve of ladies gay,
Nane e'er tull him was coy:
Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years, beforn
We 'gan to luve each other;
Our daddies and our mammies, they
Were filled wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought

A wedding sark of holland° fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gi'ed me a wedding ring,
Which I received wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we passed the langsome time,
Among the leaves sae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feats of strife:
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik:
"My benison gang wi' thee:
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart;
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was feared in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane e'er durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I ne'er had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He mote ha'e banished been;
Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him there,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;

There died the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washed his comely clay,
And siker in a grave sae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for ever maun I weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

CAPTAIN CAR°

It befell at Martinmas,
When weather waxed cold,
Captain Car said to his men,
"We must go take a hold."

Sick, sick, and too-too sick,
And sick and like to die;
The sickest night that ever I abode,
God Lord, have mercy on me!

"Hail, master, and wether you will,
And wether ye like it best?"
"To the castle of Creerynbroghe,
And there we will take our rest.°"

"I know where is a gay castle,
Is builded of lime and stone·
Within there is a gay lady;
Her lord is riden and gone."

The lady she leaned on her castle wall,
She looked up and down:
There she was 'ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the town

"See you, my merry men all,
And see you what I see?
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they be."

She thought he had been her wed lord,
  As he comed riding home;
Then was it traitor Captain Car,
  The lord of Easter-town.°

They were no sooner at supper set,
  Then after said the grace,
Or Captain Car and all his men
  Were light about the place.

"Give over thy house, thou lady gay,
  And I will make thee a band;
To-night thou shall lie within my arms,
  To-morrow thou shall heir my land."

Then bespake the eldest son,
  That was both white and red,
"O mother dear, give over your house,
  Or else we shall be dead."

"I will not give over my house," she saith,
  "Not for fear of my life:
It shall be talked throughout the land,
  The slaughter of a wife.

"Fetch me my pestilet,
  And charge me my gun,
That I may shot at yonder bloody butcher,
  The lord of Easter-town."

Stiffly upon her wall she stood,
  And let the pellets flee;
But then she missed the bloody butcher,
  And she slew other three.

"[I will] not give over my house," she saith,
"Neither for lord nor lown,
Nor yet for traitor Captain Car,
The lord of Easter-town.

"I desire of Captain Car,
And all his bloody band,
That he would save my eldest son,
The heir of all my land."

"Lap him in a sheet," he saith,
"And let him down to me,
And I shall take him in my arms;
His waran shall I be,"

The captain said unto himself,
With speed, before the rest;
He cut his tongue out of his head,
His heart out of his breast.

He lapped them in a handkerchief,
And knet it of knotes three,
And cast them over the castle wall,
At that gay lady.

"Fie upon thee, Captain Car,
And all thy bloody band!
For thou hast slain my eldest son,
The heir of all my land."

Then bespake the youngest son,°
That sat on the nurse's knee,
Saith, "Mother gay, give over your house;
It smoldereth me."

"I would give my gold," she saith,
"And so would I my fee,
For a blast of the western wind,
To drive the smoke from thee.

"Fie upon thee, John Hamilton,
That ever I paid thee hire!
For thou hast broken my castle wall,
And kindled in the fire."

The lady gat to her close parlor,
The fire fell about her head;
She took up her children three,
Saith, "Babes, we are all dead."

Then bespake the high steward,
That is of high degree;
Saith, "Lady gay, you are in close,
Whether ye fight or flee."

Lord Hamilton dreamed in his dream,
In Carvall where he lay,
His hall were all of fire,
His lady slain or day.

"Busk and bown, my merry men all,
Even and go ye with me;
For I dreamed that my hall was on fire,
My lady slain or day."

He busked him and bowned him,
And like a worthy knight;
And when he saw his hall burning,
His heart was no deal light.

He set a trumpet till his mouth,
  He blew as it pleased his grace;
Twenty score of Hamiltons
  Was light about the place.

"Had I known as much yesternight
  As I do to-day,
Captain Car and all his men
  Should not have gone so quite.

"Fie upon thee, Captain Car,
  And all thy bloody band!
Thou hast slain my lady gay,
  More worth then all thy land.

"If thou had aught any ill-will," he saith,
  "Thou should have taken my life,
And have saved my children three,
  All and my lonesome wife."

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY°

Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh, where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green!

"Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay."

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring°;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh, he might have been a king!

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh, he was the queen's love!

Oh, lang will his lady
Look o'er the Castle Downe,°
E'er she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town!

KINMONT WILLIE°

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they ha'e ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee° to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back,
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him o'er the Liddel-rack.°

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle° sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free!
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome Ha',° where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He gar'd the red wine spring on hie;
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castle in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has called him forty Marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs°; I mean the same.

He has called him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five, before them a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight;

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.°

And as we crossed the 'Bateable Land,°
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae s'ould it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots' countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope° led that band,
And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he.
The ne'er a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank° the Eden we crossed;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird gar'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel'
To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead°;
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew
O whae dare meddle wi' me°?

Then speedily to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a,'
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,
We gar'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie —
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me!
Gi'e my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that spier for me."

Then Red Rowan has hent him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale° —
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried;
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've pricked a horse out o'er the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he;
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

"He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

CHEVY CHASE°

The First Fit

The Percy out of Northumberland,°
An avow° to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot° within days three,
In the maugre° of doughty Douglas,°
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
He said he would kill, and carry them away:
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough° came,
With him a mighty meany,
With fifteen hundred archers bold, of blood and bone
They were chosen out of shires three.°

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

The drivers thorough the woodes went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bickered° upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodes went,
On every side shear;
Greyhounds thorough the greves glent
For to kill their deer.

This began in Cheviot the hills aboon,
Early on a Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sides shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas' promise
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail, verament,"—
A great oath the Percy sware.

At the last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany;

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand,
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Without any fail;
They were born along by the water o' Tweed,
I' the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bows look ye take good heed;
For never sith ye were on your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode all his men beforn;
His armor glittered as did a glede;
A bolder bairn was never born.

"Tell me whose men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be:
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot chase,°
In the spite of mine and of me?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase,
In the spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have killed and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefor the ton of us shall die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy,
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pity!

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl called within my countrie;

Let all our men upon a part stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay!
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day,

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born, —
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington° was his name;
"It shall never be told in South England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth,° for shame!

"I wot ye been great lordes twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself and look on,
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not [fail], both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!
The first fit here I find;
An you will hear any more o' the hunting o' the Cheviot
Yet is there more behind.

The Second Fit

The Englishmen had their bows ybent,
  Their hearts were good enough;
The first [flight] of arrows that they shot off,
  Seven score spearmen they slough.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
  A captain good enough,
And that was seen, verament,
  For he wrought them both woe and wouch.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
  Like a chief chieftain of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree,
  They come in on every side

Through our English archery,
  Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to die,
  Which gained them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,
  And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
  Bright sword on basnet light.

Thorough rich mail and myneyeple°
  Many stern they stroke down straight°,
Many a freke that was full free,
  There under-foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
  Like two captains of might and of main;
They swapped together till they both swat,
  With swords that were of fine Milan.°

These worthy frekes for to fight,
  Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
  As ever did hail or rain.

"Yield thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
  "And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
  Of Jamie our Scottish king.°

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
  I hight thee here this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
  That ever I conquered in field fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
  "I told it thee beforn,
That I would never yielded be
  To no man of a woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily,
  Forth of a mighty wane°;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
  In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lunges baith
  The sharp arrow is gane,
That never after in all his life-days
  He spake mo' words but ane:

That was, "Fight ye, my merry men,° whiles ye may,
For my life-days be gane."

The Percy leaned on his brand,
And saw the Douglas die;
He took the dead man by the hand,°
And said, "Woe is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countrie."

Of all that saw a Scottish knight,
Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery°;
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight;
He spended a spear, a trusty tree.

He rode upon a courser
Through a hundred archery,
He never stinted, nor never blane,
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough the body he the Percy bore,

O' the tother side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair:
Two better captains were not in Christiantie
Then that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the Lord Percy;
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow that a cloth-yard was long
To the hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomery

The dint it was both sad and sore
That he of Montgomery set;
The swan-feathers that his arrow bare
With his heart-blood they were wet.°

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree,
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battle was not half done.

They took [off] on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but seventy and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
But even five and fifty.

But all were slain Cheviot within;
They had no strength to stand on hie;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone°;
Sir Roger, the hind Hartley°;
Sir William, the bold Heron.°

Sir George, the worthy Lumley,°
A knight of great renown,
Sir Raff, the rich Rugby,°
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was woe,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomery;
Sir Davy Liddale,° that worthy was,
His sister's son was he;

Sir Charles o' Murray° in that place,
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell,° a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray;
Many widows, with weeping tears,
Came to fetch their makes away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
  Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there
  On the March-party shall never be none.

Word is comen to Edinborough,
  To Jamie, the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he weal and wring°:
  He said, "Alas, and woe is me!"
Such another captain Scotland within,
  He said, i' faith should never be.

Word is comen to lovely London,
  Till the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, chief tenant of the Marches,
  He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
  "Good Lord if Thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
  "As good as ever was he:
But, Percy, an I brook my life,
  Thy death well quit shall be."

As our noble king made his avow,
  Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy
  He did the battle of Homildon°;

Where six-and-thirty Scottish knights
  On a day were beaten down;

Glendale glittered on their armor bright,
Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
That tear began this spurn°;
Old men that knowen the ground well enough
Call it the battle of Otterburn.°

At Otterburn began this spurn
Upon a Monanday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

There was never a time on the March-partes
Sen the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it is marvel an the red blood run not
As the rain does in the street.

Jesus Christ our balys bete,
And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot:
God send us all good ending!

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN°

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas° bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons° and the Graemes,°
With them the Lindesays,° light and gay;
But the Jardines° wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burned the dales of Tyne,°
And part of Bamb'rough° shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,°
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,°
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy,° then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
  Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
  He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady looked,°
  Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
  She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
  And never an eye to see,
I wad ha'e had you,° flesh and fell;
  But your sword s'all gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterburn,°
  And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
  A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterburn's a bonny burn;
  'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterburn,
  To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
  The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale
  To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterburn,
  Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
  A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
By the might of Our Ladie!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

They lighted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonny boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonny boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn:
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.

"But I have dreamed a dreary dream,°
Beyond the Isle of Sky°;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.°

Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said, "Run speedily,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lee.°

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merry men° might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met;
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,°
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,°
That grows upon yon lily lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery,° if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the grond;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hond.

This deed was done at Otterburn
About the breaking of the day ;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,°
And the Percy led captive away.°

NOTES

The following works, being frequently quoted, are cited by the names of the editors : —

Child : *English and Scottish Ballads;* edited by Francis James Child. 5 vols. Boston, 1882–98.

Furnivall : *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript;* edited by John W. Hales and Frederick Furnivall. 3 vols. London, 1867–68.

Hales : *Ibid.*

Percy : *Reliques of Ancient Poetry;* edited by Thomas Percy. 3 vols. London, 1765. (Lewis's reprint of the fourth, 1794, edition. London, 1839.)

Ritson : *Robin Hood; a Collection of Poems, Songs, and Ballads relative to that Celebrated English Outlaw* [edited by Joseph Ritson]. 2 vols. London, 1795.

Scott : *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* edited by Walter Scott. 3 vols. Kelso and Edinburgh, 1802–03.

O Gin My Love (Page 1)

Printed by Scott (II, 302) as from Herd's Mss.

Page 1, line 10. lily lee. Either a glade, or lawn, in which many lilies are growing; or, more probably, a lovely, fair glade. Child cites (V, 354) "lilly Londeen" from one version of *The Gay Goshawk* as equivalent to the frequent "leeve London," lovely London. Lily also meant dear, as in —

> "It shall be even so, by his [*i.e.* Christ's] lily woundes."
>
> — Udall, *Ralph Roister Doister*, IV, 7

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON (Page 2)

Child enumerates (II, 426) six broadside versions that were printed late in the seventeenth or early in the eighteenth century. The text here given is that published by Percy (III, 177) as "from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth." The ballad is still often sung in England.

Page 2, line 4. **Islington.** There is an Islington in Middlesex, formerly a couple of miles from London, but now a part of the metropolis; but this is evidently too near the city to be the town here mentioned. Percy says (III, 177), "Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant"; but I have been unable to find any other reference to an Islington in Norfolk.

HIND HORN (Page 4)

Child gives (I, 187, 503; V, 210) nine versions and fragments of this, which was first published in Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs* in 1810. The text is that given by Child as published in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*. The subject of the ballad forms an incident in an English romance, *King Horn*, the oldest manuscript of which dates from the thirteenth century, in *Horn et Rymenhild*, a French romance existing in a manuscript of the fourteenth century, and in *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild*, an English romance of which the oldest manuscript dates from the fourteenth century. The ballad has most likeness with the later English romance, but is not necessarily derived from it. Chaucer, in the *Tale of Sir Thopas*, in the *Canterbury Tales*, names "Horn child," probably meaning the later romance, among "romances of prys," *i.e.* price, value. Similar ballads exist in Danish and Swedish, and certain points in this ballad are to be found in a great many romantic tales.

Page 4, line 8. **through an auger-bore.** "The stanza about the

auger bore . . . is manifestly out of place. It is found in *The Whummil Bore*, . . . and may have slipped into *Hind Horn* by reason of its following, in its proper place, a stanza beginning 'Seven lang years I hae served the king.'" — CHILD, I, 187.

Page 4, line 20. **she loved another man.** The romances state that the lady was forced to wed against her will. Though the ballad does not expressly state this, it is evident that her love for Horn has not wavered.

Page 5, line 33. **part be right, part be wrang.** Partly by right methods, partly by force. Child thinks (I, 187) that stanzas 18–20 are "perhaps borrowed from some Robin Hood ballad, in which a change is made with a beggar." Cf. *Robin Hood and the Beggar*, Ritson, II, 122.

Page 5, line 41. **Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul.** "The injunction . . . should be to ask nothing for Peter or Paul's sake, but all for Horn's." — CHILD, I, 188. In two of the versions the beggar gives Horn to understand that the princess still loves him, and in several the hero asks for a drink "for Hind Horn's sake."

YOUNG AKIN (Page 8)

Under the title *Hind Etin*, Child gives (I, 360) three versions of this, the one here printed being that given as published in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland.* Similar continental ballads show that the name "Akin" is a corruption of "Etin," a kind of giant, and that many magical incidents have been omitted or given a commonplace explanation in the English versions.

Page 8, line 3. **Elmond's wood.** This is probably a corruption of elfman's wood rather than the geographical name of any particular place. Cf. Child, I, 360.

Page 8, line 9. **pu'd a nut, a nut.** In one of the versions Margaret is led to go to the wood by her desire for some nuts that she spied growing there. Child considers (I, 360) this a mistake for the *note* heard by her in the version given, and that "This

reading, *nuis*, may have subsequently made its way into [this version] instead of *rose*, which it would be more ballad-like for Margaret to be plucking."

Page 11, line 100. **show you ben.** The porter let him into the house, the butler-boy showed him into the inner apartment. A Scotch cottage consisted frequently of "a but an' a ben," a kitchen, which was also the living room, and a parlor. See the description of the cottage in which Burns was born, in Marion Harland's *Where Ghosts Walk*, 19.

The Gay Goshawk (Page 16)

First published by Scott (II, 7) in the version here given. Child prints (II, 355; IV, 482) eight versions or fragments, and gives accounts of a number of continental ballads in which one of the two principal incidents, the bird carrying a message or a girl feigning death, occurs. There is, however, no continental ballad that has great similarity with this. Scott says of this version that it was made partly from one taken down from the recitation of a Mrs. Brown, from whom he derived a large number of the ballads he published, partly from a manuscript of some antiquity; the stanzas that seemed to him to have most merit having been selected from each.

Page 16, line 14. **Ye can baith speak.** In one version a parrot is substituted for the goshawk, which "testifies," says Child (II, 357), "to the advances made by reason among the humblest in the later generations." In several ballads birds are given the power of speaking and carrying messages. See the note to *Johnnie Cock*, p. 184.

Page 17, line 51. **the o'erword.** The refrain, or the words repeated again and again in the song.

Page 21, line 138. **blaw your horn.** Apparently a colloquial or proverbial expression to indicate failure, like the modern "go whistle." Chaucer has a similar expression in the *Knight's Tale*

(l. 980). Since Emily cannot wed both her suitors, Theseus says of one, "He mot go pypen in an ivy leef."

ANNAN WATER (Page 22)

First published by Scott (II, 138), who says, "The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said that a bridge over the Annan was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates." In a later edition of the *Minstrelsy* he inserted four additional stanzas. Child apparently did not regard this as a genuine folk ballad, for he gives it only in an appendix to *Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow* (IV, 184), and says, "It is my conviction that *Annan Water*, in Ramsay's language, is one of the 'Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before' 1800."

Page 22, line 1. **Annan water.** A river, with a total length of forty miles, in the southwestern part of Scotland, not far from the English border. **wading deep.** Probably this should be wide and deep, as in the first lines of *Allan Water, or A Lover in Captivity*:—

> "Allan Water's wide and deep,
> And my dear Anny's very bonny."

Page 22, line 7. **Gatehope-slack.** "Perhaps . . . the Gate-slack, a pass in Annandale." — SCOTT, II, 138.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL (Page 24)

The version in the *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern* (Am. ed., I, 195), of Motherwell, who says, "this is probably a lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle, who fell in the battle of Glenlivet," October 3, 1594. Child, who prints (IV, 142), under the title *Bonnie James Campbell*, four versions, from three of which Motherwell's is made up, considers that the ballad gives insufficient data for even a guess as to any particular individual.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET (Page 24)

From Percy (III, 290), who gave it, "with some corrections [which Child thinks (II, 180) cannot have been many], from a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland." He says it "seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones," *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor* and *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. In the first of these Lord Thomas asks his mother whether he shall "marry with faire Ellinor and let the browne girl alone," and is charged to bring home the latter, as she has houses and lands. He personally invites Ellinor to the wedding, and, spite of her mother's advice, she attends. She makes a slighting remark as to the bride's complexion, and this leads Lord Thomas to say that he loves her little finger more than the brown girl's whole body. This angers the bride, and with her penknife she stabs Ellinor to the heart. Lord Thomas thereupon smites off her head, and setting his sword against the ground falls upon its point. The other ballad begins with a talk on a summer's day between Margaret and William, in which he promises her that on the next day she shall see a rich wedding. As she is sitting at her bower window she sees William and his bride ride by, and dies, apparently of grief. At night her spirit comes to the bedside of her faithless lover and wishes him joy. Moved by what he supposes is a dream, William in the morning rides with his retinue to Margaret's bower, finds her corpse there, and expresses a wish to impress a last kiss on her dead lips. Her seven brothers tell him to go kiss his jolly brown bride, and he retorts that he had made no vow to the dead one. His sorrow is, however, so great that he too dies. She was buried in the lower chancel and he in the higher; from her breast grew a rose, from his a brier, which intertwined in a true lovers' knot.

Child, who prints (II, 179; III, 509; IV, 469; V, 223) ten versions (including one American), one of which has nine variants,

terms this "one of the most beautiful of our ballads, and indeed of all ballads" (II, 180). He gives account of similar ballads in Norse, French, Italian, and Provençal.

Page 26, line 50. **sheen.** Child considers (V, 374) this word, which evidently means splendor, "a word of Percy's here."

Page 26, line 59. **the holland.** Fine, bleached linen. Professor Veitch states (*Blackwood's Mag.*, 147 : 746), "Down to the middle of the eighteenth century the brown linen made out of the flax in Scotland, and made largely, was sent across to Holland — Haarlem especially — to be bleached."

Page 27, line 64. **Wi' siller he was shod before, Wi' burning gowd behind.** The profuse and irrational use of gold and silver is characteristic of early folk ballads. Note a similar description in *The Cruel Brother*. Here the display of wealth is more than usually inappropriate, for evidently fair Annet's face was her fortune.

Page 29, line 117. **And ay they grew, and ay they threw.** The intertwining of the bushes that spring from the bodies of two lovers is a very common motive in popular poetry, and is found in that of widely separated races. See Child (I, 96) for a list of poems (among others Scandinavian, Russian, Servian, Gaelic, Afghan, and Chinese) in which it occurs.

The Dowie Dens of Yarrow (Page 30)

First printed by Scott (III, 72) in the version here given, which he made by collating several copies, one sent him by James Hogg being principally used. Child gives (IV, 160, 522 ; V, 255), under the title *The Braes of Yarrow*, fifteen other versions and two fragments. In all versions there is ill feeling between the family of the woman and the man ; in some because they consider him beneath her, in one because he considers her inferior to himself, in two or three because of a dispute that has arisen as to who is the flower, or best man, of Yarrow. Scott says that "this ballad

which is a very great favorite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest, is universally believed to be founded in fact," and it may be that it refers to the killing of Walter Scott of Tushielaw in 1616. Child, however, points out (IV, 164) that "there is nothing in the ballad to connect it preferably with the Scotts; the facts are such as are likely to have occurred often in history, and a similar story is found in other ballads."

Page 30, line 7. **My cruel brother will you betray.** Hogg, who furnished Scott with two versions of this ballad, stated that the tradition was that the brother-in-law had the husband at ill-will, "because his father had parted with the half of his goods and gear to his sister on her marriage with such a respectable man." Apparently the apprehension of treachery was well founded, for the hero spies nine armed men in the den, who question him as to his purpose in coming, which would have been unnatural had there been among them the one with whom he had an appointment for a combat. He slays five of these and hurts four, evidently fatally, for the wife finds *ten* dead men in the den. When victory seems assured, that stubborn knight, the brother-in-law, evidently comes from ambush and runs him through from behind. The dying man recognizes his brother-in-law and gives him a message to his wife. It is to be noted, however, that this seems in part to be a refinement by Scott, the version sent him by Hogg having *nine* dead men.

Page 30, line 8. **Yarrow.** An otherwise insignificant stream in southeastern Scotland that has been made by poesy one of the famous rivers of the world. Lockhart termed it the most romantic of Scottish rivers, and Dr. John Brown on first sight of it exclaimed, "Was ever stream or valley so besung!" Cf. *The Secret of Yarrow*, J. B. Selkirk, in *Blackwood's Mag.*, 140:27, and Wordsworth's poems, *Yarrow Unvisited*, *Yarrow Visited*, *Yarrow Revisited*, and *Upon the Death of James Hogg*.

Page 30, line 17. **Tennies bank.** Lockhart states in the 1833 edition of Scott's *Minstrelsy* that "the Tennies is the name of a

farm of the Duke of Buccleuch's, a little below Yarrow Kirk." Tennies bank seems to have been inserted by Scott, as it appears neither in the manuscript sent him by Hogg nor in any other version published by Child.

Page 31, line 43. **pu'd the heather green.** Child states (II, 181) that "Kinloch remarks that green is considered unfortunate in love matters, the couplet running,

'Green is love deen,
Yellow's forsaken;'

whereas blue is looked upon as a most fortunate color: 'blue is love true'"; and he quotes from Kinloch's Mss., "To dream of green is believed to be the presage of misfortune."

Page 31, line 48. **tell me how he fareth!** The stanza, almost unequalled in love poetry. — VEITCH, *The Original Ballad of the Dowie Dens*, in *Blackwood's Mag.*, 147 : 739.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY (Page 33)

From the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (III, 243). Scott states that the ballad "had probably foundation in some real event," and in southeastern Scotland the very localities supposed to be connected with it are pointed out: Blackhouse, a seat of the Douglas family in Selkirkshire, is said to be the house whence the lady was taken; seven large stones on a neighboring hillside are supposed to mark the spot where her brothers fell; from the Douglas-burn the lovers drank; and in St. Mary's chapel, whose ruins still stand on the border of St. Mary's Lake, their bodies were buried. Spite of this particularity, the ballad was not originally Scottish. Child, who terms this a "beautiful but very imperfect fragment," prints (I, 88, 489; IV, 443) nine versions and fragments of the ballad under the title *Earl Brand*, and shows its similarity with a number of continental ballads, the agreement with a Scandinavian one being particularly close.

Page 34, line 25. **"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said** Child states (I, 89 ff.) that in most of the continental versions th lover beseeches the lady not to name him, even though she shoul see him wounded. But when he attacks her youngest brother (i some versions, her father), unable to restrain herself, she calls upo him by name to spare him; and at that moment the lover receive his death wound. There seems to be a trace of this motive here.

Page 34, line 30. **the holland.** See note on *Lord Thomas an Fair Annet*, p. 157.

Page 35, line 73. **And they twa met, and they twa plat.** Se note on *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, p. 157.

Page 35, line 77. **the Black Douglas.** The chiefs of the Douglas family were so called because of their swarthy complexions.

Page 35, line 80. **St. Mary's Loch** is a widening of the rive Yarrow midway between Selkirk and Moffat. It is famous i literature not only because of its connection with several ballads but because on its borders long resided James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd"; and his visitors, Walter Scott, John Wilson ("Christopher North"), and William Wordsworth, celebrated in thei writings the quiet beauty of the lake. Wordsworth's lines i *Yarrow Unvisited* are well known: —

> "Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
> The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
> The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow!"

The Cruel Brother (Page 36)

Of this ballad, Child prints (I, 141, 496; IV, 449; V, 208) ten versions and four fragments, this one being that he gives as firs published in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, in 1806. Apparently n very similar ballads are to be found among the continental ones Child quotes (I, 142) Aytoun as stating in 1858, "This is, perhaps

the most popular of all the Scottish ballads, being commonly recited and sung even at the present day."

Page 37, line 22. **But forgot to spier at her brother John.** "Dr. Prior remarks that the offence given by not asking a brother's assent to his sister's marriage was in ballad-times regarded as unpardonable." — CHILD, I, 142.

Page 38, line 43. **O what will you leave?** Wills similar to the one made by the bride are to be found in a number of ballads. See, for instance, the ballad of *Edward*.

Page 38, line 44. **The silver-shod steed.** See note on *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, p. 157.

FAIR HELEN (Page 39)

From the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (I, 72). Scott says that the song, which is very popular, was given "without alteration or improvement, from the most accurate copy which could be recovered." He further states that it is founded on the following incident: the daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell, in Dumfriesshire, had two suitors, one of whom she favored, while the other was the choice of her friends. Helen and Adam Fleming used, therefore, to meet in secret in a churchyard on the banks of the river Kirtle. One day the other suitor spied them from the other side of the stream, and, levelling his carbine at Fleming, fired. Helen saw her lover's danger too late to warn him, but threw herself before him and received the bullet intended for him. According to one version of the story, Fleming immediately revenged her death by killing her murderer; according to another, the version used by Wordsworth in his poem *Ellen Irwin*, he pursued him to Spain and slew him in the streets of Madrid. Other versions of this folk-song are published by Herd, Ritson, and Jamieson. Scott published a first part of six verses so inferior that he suspected that they were the production of some poor poet trying to take advantage of the popularity of the original.

LORD RANDAL (Page 41)

Scott, from whose *Minstrelsy* (III, 286) this is taken, thought it "not impossible that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland," who died in 1332 under circumstances that gave rise to the belief that he had been poisoned; but the facts given seem too slight to serve as a basis for any conjecture as to the personality of the murdered man. Child prints (I, 151, 498; IV, 449; V, 208) nineteen versions, in some of which the name bears no resemblance to Randolph, and refers to many similar continental ballads. In some of the versions the ballad ends with a will similar to those in *The Cruel Brother* and *Edward*, in which the poisoner is left "the gallows and plenty to hang her," or "hell and fire!" In one of the versions printed by Child the broth is made of a newt instead of the eels that occur in most of the English versions. In several continental versions snakes are used. Possibly here it is intended to be suggested that the false lady-love had deceived Lord Randal by substituting innocent-appearing but poisonous snakes for the harmless eels. Scott states (III, 287), "The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was anciently supposed to be a common mode of administering poison."

WALY, WALY, LOVE BE BONNY (Page 42)

Percy, from whose *Reliques* (III, 189) this is reprinted, says, "This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy." T. F. Henderson states (*Scottish Vernacular Literature*, 365), "There can scarce be any doubt that 'O Waly, Waly,' is related to 'Willow, Willow, Willow,' the song which is introduced into Shakespeare's *Othello*, IV, 3."

Page 42, line 17. **Arthur-seat**, so named because King Arthur is fabled to have fought one of his battles at its base, is a hill eight

hundred and twenty-two feet high that rises to the southeast of Edinburgh. A short way up it, on a northern shoulder that overlooks Holyrood Palace, "still remain the ruins of what was once a chapel, or hermitage, dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremite." —SCOTT, *The Heart of Midlothian*, Ch. 15. The ruins are of a small Gothic building, but of its history nothing is known. Near it a spring gushes out from beneath a high rock, and this is called St. Anthony's Well.

EDWARD (Page 44)

Child prints (I, 167) two versions of this and a fragment, that here given being the one first published in Percy's *Reliques* (I, 61). Percy terms it "a Scottish ballad, from a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland," and names Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., afterward Lord Hailes, as the person who sent it to him. It was at one time asserted that it was the composition of Lady Wardlaw, to whom, because of her probable composition of a ballad called *Hardyknute*, many fine old ballads were attributed; but Child writes, "*Edward* is not only unimpeachable, but has ever been regarded as one of the noblest and most sterling specimens of the popular ballad." Sidney Lanier says (*The Boy's Percy*, 159), "This seems to me one of the most powerful and altogether well-made ballads in our language." Child states that there are similar ballads in Danish and Finnish, and "an exact counterpart in Swedish."

Page 44, line 1. **Why does your brand?** "The word 'brand,' in the first stanza, is possibly more literary than popular; further than this the language is entirely fit." —CHILD, I, 167.

Page 45, line 41. **what wull ye leave to your bairns?** See note on *The Cruel Brother*, p. 161.

THOMAS THE RHYMER (Page 46)

Of this ballad Child prints (I, 317; IV, 454) three versions, that here given being the one first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy* (II,

244). Thomas was an actual person who lived at Erceldoun (a village on the Leader River, some six miles from Melrose, now called Earlston) in the thirteenth century, and won great fame as a poet and prophet. The ruins of the tower in which he dwelt are still pointed out, and a stone in the wall of the church bears the inscription: —

"Auld Rhymer's race
Lies in this place."

According to the popular belief the power of divination was a gift to Thomas from the queen of the fairies, with whom he lived some years in his youth. The belief in Thomas's prophecies is said to be not yet entirely extinct among the Scottish peasantry. Scott published a second part, "altered from ancient prophecies," and a third, "entirely modern," embodying prophecies attributed to him. Cf. Kipling's poem, *The Last Rhyme of True Thomas* in *The Seven Seas*, for a modern, literary use of Thomas.

A romance that gives an account of the adventures and prophecies of Thomas exists in several manuscripts, and, according to Child (I, 319), there is "no doubt that the ballad had its source in the romance. Yet it is an entirely popular ballad as to style, and must be of considerable age, though the earliest version can be traced at furthest only into the first half of the last [eighteenth] century." Mr. T. F. Henderson (*Scottish Vernacular Literature*, 358) considers this "the oldest authenticated specimen of the romantic ballad we possess.

Page 46, line 4. **the Eildon Tree.** The Eildon Hills are a few miles to the southeast of Erceldoun. On the easternmost slope a large stone marks the site of the tree beneath which Thomas kissed the fairy queen, and half a mile to the west, on the same hillslope, are the Huntly Banks. See Murray's edition of *The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune*, I.–LII.

Page 46, line 22. **That weird shall never danton me.** "That destiny shall never frighten me." — Scott, II, 252. "What we learn

from the adventures of Thomas concerning the perils of dealing with fairies, and the precautions to be observed, agrees with the general teaching of tradition upon the subject. . . . That eating and drinking, personal contact, exchange of speech, receiving of gifts, in any abode of unearthly beings, including the dead, will reduce a man to their fellowship and condition might be enforced by a great number of examples." — CHILD, I, 322.

Page 47, line 46. **lily leven.** See note on *O Gin My Love*, p. 151.

Page 48, line 53. **ye maun hold your tongue.** Cf. "They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die." — SHAKSPERE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V, v, 50.

Page 48, line 66. **she pu'd an apple frae a tree.** "The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us that the apple was the produce of the fatal tree of knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise." — SCOTT, II, 256. In the romance and other versions of the ballad printed by Child, Thomas is forbidden to pluck the fruit because it is cursed: —

> "It was a' that cursed fruit o' thine
> Beggared man and woman in your countrie,"

says one version. Child states (I, 321) that in this version "stanzas 15, 16 are out of place . . . and 17 is entirely perverted." In other versions, Thomas and the queen go through the water before they come to the garden, and eat before she shows him the "ferlies."

Page 48, line 72. **Stanzas 18, 19**, are, according to Child, (I, 321) "certainly a modern, and as certainly an ill-devised, interpolation." He terms (I, 320) the idea "for a ballad, a miserable conceit."

ALLISON GROSS (Page 49)

From the *Jamieson-Brown Ms.*, as given by Child (I, 313), the only version of this ballad that he prints.

Page 50, line 30. **a grass-green horn.** Green was considered an especially unlucky color. See note on *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, p. 159.

Page 50, line 37. **an ugly worm.** In addition to its present meaning, the word "worm" formerly denoted snake or dragon.

Page 50, line 42. **kemb my Leady.** Both Vergil (*Aen.* II, 206) and Milton attribute manes to serpents.

> "The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
> Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
> And hairy mane terrific." — *Par. Lost*, VII, 495.

Page 50, line 46. **the seely court.** The happy court, *i.e.* the fairy court. It was considered unlucky to call the fairies by their name, so in Scotland they were usually termed the good neighbors, or the men of peace. Even to refer to them by these names was considered imprudent, and Scott in a note in the third chapter of *The Monastery* tells of the difficulty he had in inducing a shepherd, who had come across some stolen puppets in the grove where they had been left by the thieves, to tell him what he thought they were. See also *Rob Roy*, Ch. 28.

Page 50, line 51. **She changed me again to my ain proper shape.** "The queen of the fairies undoing the spell of the witch is a remarkable feature, not paralleled, so far as I know, in English or northern tradition." – Child, I, 314

Kemp Owyne (Page 51)

Child gives (I, 306; V, 213) three versions of this ballad, and refers to a number of continental ballads in which enchantment is undone by a kiss. The version here given first appeared in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern* (Am. ed., II, 246). Owyne is Owain (Ywaine, Ewaine), who figures in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* as one of the knights of the Round Table. The son of King Urien and Morgan le Fay, Arthur's half-sister, he is wrongly

suspected by the king of complicity in her schemes against him and banished. He and Gawaine, who out of friendship accompanies him, have a number of adventures, but at the end of a year are restored to the court (Wright's edition of Malory, I, 137, 143–9, 163–6). Owain shows his prowess by overthrowing thirty knights at a tournament (I, 163), successfully fighting two knights at once (I, 165), defeating the knights of Cornwall (II, 156) and the son of the king of the Scots (II, 327), and with Gareth and Gawaine slaying seven brothers who wrongfully held a castle (III, 79). But he is no match for the more famous knights of the Round Table: he is overthrown by Launcelot (I, 222), thrice by Tristram (II, 154, 171, 327), thrice by Palomedes (II, 195, 260, 310), and is finally slain, unwittingly, by Gawaine (III, 117) while on the quest of the Holy Grail. He is also one of the heroes of *Ywaine and Gawin*, published by Ritson in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances* (Goldsmid's edition, I, 115).

In neither Malory nor the romance is any adventure at all like the one that is the subject of the ballad attributed to Owain; but, as Child says (I, 306), "his right is as good as that of other knights to whom the same achievement has been assigned."

Page 51 line 8. **o'er Craigy's sea.** Craigy's sea is probably a corruption of the "craig of sea" that appears in the version published by Sharpe in his *Ballad Book*. The third version has, "Come to the crag and thrice kiss me."

Page 52, line 30. **Drawn shall your blood never be.** There is probably corruption here. As the virtue possessed by the belt is the same as that of the ring and sword, their magical properties would be no inducement to lead Kemp Owyne again to plunge into the sea. Originally each probably had a different magical property. In the romance *Ywaine and Gawin*, Ywaine is given by his lady a ring that has the power, among others, of keeping him from loss of blood.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL (Page 54)

From Scott's *Minstrelsy* (II, 111), where it was first published. Child, who prints (II, 238; III, 513; V, 294) three other versions, says: "A motive for the return of the wife's three sons is not found in the fragments which remain to us. . . . There is no indication that the sons come back to forbid obstinate grief, as the dead often do. . . . But supplying a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of the verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting."

Page 54, line 14. "**fashes** (*i.e.* troubles, storms) **in the flood**" is the emendation of Lockhart, in his edition of Scott's *Minstrelsy*, for the "fishes in the flood" given by the old woman from whose recitation Scott obtained the ballad. It is adopted by Child.

Page 55, line 47. **And fare ye weel, the bonny lass.** "The beauty of reticence in this last farewell is as delicate as anything in literature." — GUMMERE, *Old English Ballads*, 347.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE (Page 56)

From the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (I, 226). Scott terms it "a sort of charm, sung by the lower ranks of Roman Catholics, in some parts of the north of England, while watching a dead body previous to interment." Mr. Andrew Lang, in his introduction to the folk ballads that he selected for insertion in the first volume of Ward's *English Poets*, says (209) similar dirges are still sung by the women of Corsica and the Greek isles, and that this particular dirge "contains popular beliefs common to Asiatic and European races, as to the trials of the Dead" (232).

Page 56, line 3. **Fire and sleet.** "The word 'sleet,' in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from 'selt,' or salt, a quantity of which, in compliance with a popular superstition, is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse." — SCOTT, I, 226.

Page 56, line 7. **Whinny-muir.** A moor covered with furze, a low, spiny shrub, with many branches.

Page 56, line 19. **Brig o' Dread.** "The mythologic ideas of the dirge are common to various creeds. The Mahometan believes that, in advancing to the final judgment seat, he must traverse a bar of red-hot iron, stretched across a bottomless gulf. The good works of each true believer, assuming a substantial form, will then interpose betwixt his feet and this 'Bridge of Dread'; but the wicked, having no such protection, must fall headlong into the abyss." — SCOTT, I, 226.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE (Page 58)

First printed "from two manuscript copies, transmitted from Scotland," by Percy (I, 80), whose version is here followed. Child, who prints (II, 17) ten versions and eight fragments of this "admired and most admirable ballad," says, "Percy's version remains, poetically, the best. It may be a fragment, but the imagination easily supplies all that may be wanting." Mr. Lang (Ward's *English Poets*, I, 209) places this ballad in the historical or mythico-historical class, in which 'the popular fancy works on true historical data." Percy felt that, though he could discover none, the ballad had a historical foundation. Four of the versions printed by Child make the ship's destination Norway, three make the wreck occur on the return voyage, and of these three one gives as the reason for the voyage —

> "To Noroway, wi' our king's daughter,
> A chosen queen she's now."

Motherwell suggested, therefore, that the ballad commemorates the drowning of a number of Scottish knights and nobles, who, in 1281, accompanied Margaret, daughter of Alexander III of Scotland, to Norway, where she became the bride of Eric, the king of that country, and were wrecked on their homeward voyage. This Child considers (II, 19) "a sufficiently plausible foundation," though he does not "feel compelled to regard the ballad as historical."

Mr. T. F. Henderson suggests (*Scottish Vernacular Literature*, 355) that the ballad may have been suggested by a rumor of disaster to the expedition, in 1589, of James VI and Sir Patrick *Vans* to bring to Scotland Anne of Denmark, James's intended bride, whose vessels had been driven to Norway by the tempestuous weather.

Page 58, line 1. **The king sits in Dumferling toun.** Dunfermline, a town fifteen miles northwest of Edinburgh, where the kings of Scotland formerly had a palace, ruins of which still remain. Scott states that it was a favorite place of residence of Alexander III, who was buried in the abbey there.

Page 58, line 9. Percy explains "**a braid letter**" as meaning "open or patent, in opposition to close rolls." Child, however, cites (V, 318) a number of instances from ballads where a braid letter is said to be sealed, and gives as the meaning of the expression, "either a letter on a broad sheet or a long letter." Possibly it means a *flat* letter, one folded instead of rolled.

Page 59, line 28. **That we will come to harm.** "The ship must sail the morn, and this without regard to the fearful portent of the new moon having been seen *late* yestreen with the auld moon in her arm." — CHILD, II, 18.

> "Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
> The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
> This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
> **Unroused by winds.**"
>
> — COLERIDGE, *Dejection: an Ode.*

Page 59, line 32. **Their hats they swam aboon.** "They" refers to hats; their hats swam (floated) above them.

Page 59, line 34. **Wi' their fans into their hand.** "It would be hard to point out in ballad poetry, or other, happier and more refined touches than the two stanzas . . . which portray the bootless waiting of the ladies for the return of the seafarers." — CHILD II, 18.

Page 59, line 41. **half o'er to Aberdour.** Percy thinks Aberdour is the "village lying upon the river Forth," but Child, without assigning a reason, says (II, 20) this "cannot be meant." Aberdour was, however, a port but six miles from Dunfermline; and if Chambers is right in his conjecture that Sir Patrick Spence lived near it, and the wreck was on the return voyage, this line would mean halfway home. Four versions substitute Aberdeen for Aberdour, and Child's conclusion is, "We may fairly say, somewhere off the coast of Aberdeenshire." But Aberdeen has no such special significance, and the substitution of the important city for the unimportant village would be a natural one with those who knew nothing of Spence's relation with Aberdour. And whatever else it may mean, "half over to Aberdeen" can hardly mean "somewhere off the coast of Aberdeenshire."

YOUNG WATERS (page 60)

Printed by Percy (II, 226) from a broadsheet published in Glasgow in 1755. Child prints (II, 342) only this version, which he considers "a little the worse for editing," but refers to similar ballads in Danish and Swedish. Percy says, "It has been suggested to the editor that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the bonny Earl of Murray; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman." (Cf. the introduction to *The Bonny Earl of Murray*, p. 189.) The ballad may be founded on a historical event, but none of the conjectures that have been made as to its basis have been generally accepted.

Page 60, line 2. **And the round tables began.** This is usually explained as a kind of backgammon, and Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, 319, is referred to as the authority. But while Strutt explains "tables" as practically synonymous with backgammon, he gives no account of a game that was played on a *round* table or board. The two illustrations given, one from the thirteenth and

the other from the fourteenth century, show instead a rectangular board similar to the one now used for the game. On p. 140, however, he tells us that, "During the government of Henry III the just assumed a different appellation, and was also called the Round Table game. This name was derived from a fraternity of knights who frequently justed with each other, and accustomed themselves to eat together in one apartment, and, in order to set aside all distinction of rank or quality, seated themselves at a circular table, where every place was equally honorable." He quotes from Matthew Paris, who died in 1259, the explicit statement that the military game was called the round table, and instances a number of such tables that were set up by kings and nobles to accommodate knights. After this practice ceased, "round table" probably continued in use to denote any gathering of knights. Such a meaning is certainly more pertinent here than the one usually given.

Page 60, line 14. **siller shod behind.** See note on *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, p. 157.

Page 61, line 41. **through Stirling town.** Stirling, a city on the river Forth, thirty-five miles northwest from Edinburgh, was a favorite place of residence with the Scottish sovereigns, particularly those of the house of Stuart. The place of execution was to the north of the castle, and is still called the "Heading Hill."

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly (Page 63)

From Hales and Furnivall's edition of *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, III, 76. The editors state, "The version here given of this well-known ballad differs very slightly from that printed by Copland *circ.* 1550, reprinted (with some alterations from the *Folio*) in the *Reliques*. . . . The ballad is no doubt far older than the oldest copy extant. Dunbar (who died *circ.* 1530) makes mention of one of its three famous heroes." Child prints (III, 14)

Copland's version, with the variations found in two printed fragments of earlier date, and three editions, including the Percy Ms., of later date.

Percy states (I, 158) that Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly were "three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the north of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties"; but adds, "at what time they lived does not appear." In Shakspere's *Much Ado About Nothing*, I, 1, 257, Adam is used as a synonym for an archer *par excellence:* "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam." One of the other heroes is referred to in a less complimentary way in Jonson's *Alchemist*, I, 1:—

"'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs."

Page 63, line 10. **Clym of the Clough.** Clement of the Cliff.

Page 63, line 13. **outlawed for venison.** That is, for violating the game laws.

Page 63, line 15. **They swore them.** Percy's emendation of the manuscript reading "they swore then."

Page 63, line 16. "**English wood**, or Inglewood, in Cumberland, . . . a forest sixteen miles in length, reaching from Carlisle to Penrith." — CHILD, III, 21.

Page 63, line 24. **Carlisle.** An ancient city in northwestern England, about ten miles from the Scottish border, the county town of Cumberland. William Rufus erected here a castle that is still in use, and that made the city a place of refuge during the troubles between Scotland and England. It figures in a number of ballads; see, in especial, *Kinmont Willie.*

Page 64, line 29. **For if ye.** Percy's emendation of the manuscript reading "for if we."

Page 64, line 34. **prime.** The hour following sunrise.

Page 68, line 157. **help ye.** For the manuscript reading "help yett."

Page 69, line 167. **There a new pair of gallows he set up.** For the manuscript reading, "There he new a[illegible]aire of gallows he sett vpp."

Page 69, line 188. **As so oft.** For the manuscript reading "See oft as."

Page 71, line 40. **did off his hood** in reverence to the symbol of the royal authority.

Page 75, line 141. **There was many an outhorn.** Bailey's *Universal Etymological English Dictionary* (1740) defines this as "the summoning of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn," and this is substantially the definition given by Percy (I, 175). Wright suggested the emendation "a nouthorn," *i.e.* a neat's (or cow's) horn. Child adopted this in his text (III, 26), but later wrote (V, 297), "I regret having changed 'an oute-horne,' which is the reading in all the texts which have the stanza, to 'a noute-horne'"; and in his glossary (V, 362) defines the word, "a horn blown to call out citizens to the support of the civil authority."

Page 76, line 173. **merry in their mood.** The manuscript has "wood," which Dyce terms "a manifest mistake for 'mood,' which the other copies have." Either reading makes sense, however.

Page 83, line 171. **foresters of the fee.** Halliwell defines this (*Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, I, 371), "A person who had for some service to the crown a perpetual right of hunting in a forest on paying to the crown a certain rent for the same," which Child adopts (V, 336). It is to be noted, however, that the king is told, in answer to his question as to the justice and the sheriff, that they have been slain, "and many an officer mo"; and as the others enumerated in this and the preceding stanzas are officials, it is more probable the "foresters of the fee" received

money for performing a service than that they paid it for a privilege. Cf. below: —

"William, I make thee a gentleman,
Of clothing and of fee."

Page 83, line 174. **chose.** Percy's emendation of the manuscript reading "coice."

Page 83, line 179. **Take up the tables.** "They were laid on trestles." — Furnivall, III, 97. Cf. Wright's *History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages*, 364, 371, 471, where illustrations of such tables from mediæval manuscripts may be seen.

Page 83, line 182. **To the butts with him to go.** "*Prickes* seem to have been the long-range targets, *butts* the near." — FURNIVALL, II, 232. "The butt, we are told, was a level mark, and required a strong arrow with a very broad feather; the pricke was a 'mark of compass,' but certain in its distance; and to this mark strong swift arrows of one flight, with a middling sized feather, were best suited." — STRUTT, *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, 62.

Page 84, line 192. **pricke.** Furnivall suggests (III, 97) that here this means "the wooden pin in the centre of the target."

Page 84, line 211. **with a bearing arrow.** Percy defines this (I, 362) as "an arrow that carries well, or perhaps bearing, or birring, *i.e.* whirring or whizzing arrow." Child suggests (V, 313) "perhaps a very long arrow, such as required to be carried in the hand. . . . Mr. C. J. Longman, himself an archer, remarking that a bearing arrow is used for a range of twenty score paces . . . and a broad arrow for six score . . . suggests that a bearing arrow was probably what is now called a flight-arrow — a thin, light arrow with a tapering point for long shooting."

Page 85, line 224. **Shall cleave the apple in two.** This feat is by no means uncommon in German-Scandinavian story, and

besides the best-known instance of it, the shooting of the apple from his son's head by William Tell, Child gives (III, 16–19) six instances from the German, Norwegian, and Icelandic that "agree in two points: the shot is compulsory; the archer meditates revenge in case he harms the person on whose head the mark is placed. These features are wanting in the English ballad. William of Cloudesly offers of his own free motion to shoot an apple from his son's head, and this after the king had declared him the best archer he had ever seen, for splitting a hazel-rod at twenty score paces; so that the act was done purely for glory." "If the archer is cool enough to volunteer the shot, then the chief difficulty in making it is removed. This is a fault in the English ballad, where the father is unconcerned, and all the feeling is shown by the spectators. Cloudesly had already split a hazel-rod at twenty score paces; what was it for him to hit an apple at six score?" "The shooting of the apple from the boy's head, isolated from any particular connection, is perhaps all of the German-Scandinavian story that was known to the English ballad-maker, and all minor resemblances may well be fortuitous" (III, 19 and 20).

Page 86, line 261. **give.** Percy's emendation of the manuscript reading "gave."

INTRODUCTION TO THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS

Whether such a person as Robin Hood ever actually lived and performed the acts attributed to him, is a disputed question. Some writers, as Kulm (Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, V, 474), consider the story of his adventures pure myth; others, as Thierry (*History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, II, 234), consider that he was a great political leader, the last Anglo-Saxon to hold out against the Norman conquerors; still others, with more caution, say that while he may have lived in the twelfth or thirteenth cen

tury, certainly much that is attributed to him is pure fancy or myth, or drawn from the accounts of other popular heroes. This last is the view of Professor Hales (*Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, I, 5 ff. and *Encyclopædia Britannica*), who writes: "We are not inclined to deny the existence of Robin Hood. There is a certain local precision and constancy in the ballads. We can well believe that . . . some outlaw of the name did make himself famous in the North Country, . . . that his fame spread and grew, and was fed from a thousand sources utterly disconnected with its origin, till his name became a household word, and himself the universal darling of the common people." — *Percy Ms.*, I, 5. "Whether he lived or not, and whenever he lived, it is certain that many mythical elements are contained in his story." — *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Contemporaneous history is certainly silent concerning Robin Hood and his doings; but those who hold that he was an historical character account for this by the fact that the historians of the day were monks who would not be likely to celebrate one from whom they had so often suffered. The earliest notice that we have of him speaks of the popular ballads or songs that had already arisen about him, and here his name is coupled with that of an undoubted historical personage. In the second version of *The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman* (Passus V), which probably dates from 1377, Sloth does not know his prayers, but says: —

"I can rymes of Robyn hood and Randolf erle of Chestre."

Some forty years later, Wyntoun in his *Scottish Chronical* states that about 1284 "Robyn Hude" and "Lytil John" carried on their operations in "Barnesdale" and "Yngilwode."

Whether any of these early "rhymes" have come down to us is doubtful. Wright is of the opinion (*Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages*, II, 179) that *Robin Hood and the Monk* is

however, as old as the reign of Edward II (1307–1327); and *Robyn Hode and the Potter* is certainly not later in date than the fifteenth century. There is evidence that the *Lytel Geste of Robin Hood*, which was made up from older ballads (see Second Fytte, ll. 176–177), was printed as early as 1490, though the earliest complete version extant dates about thirty years later.

About 1450 Bower, in his additions to Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, states that Robin Hood and Little John lived about 1266, and speaks of romances and plays concerning them; and in 1521 Mair, in his *Historia Majoris Britanniæ*, says that Robin Hood lived about the time of Richard I (1189–99), and terms him "chief and most humane of all robbers," who plundered the rich to relieve the poor. The source of his information is unknown; but as he speaks of the songs concerning Robin, probably he rested on ballads for his authority.

Up to this time the little that we have concerning Robin Hood is at least consistent. He is represented as a yeoman, the champion of the common people against their oppressors. Loyal to the king and at heart truly religious, he was the sworn foe of the wealthy aristocracy, the regular clergy, and the officers of the government, particularly those charged with carrying out the forest laws. But in the seventeenth century the story was greatly modified. Robin was made an Earl of Huntingdon, for whom, in the following century, Stukeley discovered, or invented, a pedigree that is given with all seriousness by Ritson (I, xxi). Outlawed for debt, the earl fled to the forest, and having gathered about him a band of trusty companions — broken men like himself, or daring spirits attracted by his fame and the free, careless life in the open air — supported himself and them by pillage. "A sentimental color is given him. Maid Marian appears, and becomes a leading, absorbing part of the company. The fresh breezes of the greenwood are tainted with artificial odors. By Charles I's time the ballad-writers have all, like sheep, gone astray. They have improved away the genuine old picture." — HALES, I, 4.

But the essential character of Robin Hood remained unchanged. He was still the people's champion, "their great knight-errant and avenger," "the hero of the commons as King Arthur of the higher classes," reflecting the popular character and ideals. "He is open-handed, brave, merciful, given to archery and venery, good-humored, jocular, loyal, woman-protecting, priestcraft-hating, Mary-loving, God-fearing, somewhat rough withal, caring little for the refinements of life, and fond of a fight above all things."—Hales, I, 8. He is master of archery, the sport dear to the heart of the people of England, and in his life in the forest reflects their general love for the "merry greenwood."

Robin Hood and Little John (Page 88)

The earliest extant version of this ballad, which "belongs to a set of ballads which have middle rhyme in the third line of the stanza, and are directed to be sung to one and the same tune" (Child, III, 133), is dated 1680–85. The version here given is that published in *A Collection of Old Ballads* (1723), I, 75. Child speaks of its "bad style," and says (III, 134) "this ballad affects, in the right apocryphal way, to know an adventure of Robin's early life. Though but twenty years old, Robin has a company of threescore and nine bowmen." Notwithstanding its late date, its bad style, and its lack of poetic merit, the ballad is inserted in this collection, partly because it illustrates what is to be found in the Robin Hood ballads and traditions generally, Robin's practice of attaching to himself those by whom he had been worsted in a chance encounter; partly because it illustrates a rhyming system not otherwise represented; partly because it is believed that it will make more apparent the simplicity, beauty, and poetic value of the true folk ballads in the book.

Page 89, line 29. **Nottingham**. An ancient town, about the middle of England, the county town of the shire of the same name.

Sherwood Forest, one of the haunts of Robin Hood, is in Nottinghamshire, some ten miles north of Nottingham.

Page 92, line 130. **This infant was called John Little.** Ritson asserts (I, v) that Little John's "surname is said to have been Nailor." In the introduction to this ballad in Routledge's reprint of Ritson's *Robin Hood* appears the following, not in the 1795 edition, "The notion that Little John obtained this appellation, ironically, from his superior stature, though doubtless ill-founded, is of considerable antiquity."

Page 93, line 153. **unto their caves.** None of the early ballads refer to caves as abodes of Robin Hood and his men, but Warner writes in *Albion's England* (1602),

> "He fed them well and lodg'd them safe in pleasant caves and bowers;"

and *A True Tale of Robin Hood* (entered for printing in 1631) has,

> "So that it seems, keeping in caves,
> In woods and forests thick."

GUY OF GISBORNE (Page 94)

First published, with "some liberties," by Percy (I, 83), who states that it "carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject." Here reprinted from Hales and Furnivall's *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript* (II, 227). Child prints (III, 90) a fragment of a play on the subject of the ballad that dates from before 1475, and *Gy of Gysburne* is referred to in a satirical piece by William Dunbar, a Scotch poet of the fifteenth century.

Page 94, line 4. **birds' song.** Percy's emendation of the manuscript reading "birds sing."

Page 94, line 5. **The woodweete sang.** Percy altered this to "woodweele," which he defines (I, 375, as "the golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush-kind." Furnivall suggests (III, 571) "witwall,

the great spotted woodpecker;" Child (V, 394), "woodlark," but adds that the word is "generally explained as woodpecker; sometimes as thrush, redbreast." The reference to its singing certainly seems to indicate some bird other than the woodpecker.

Page 94, line 10. **A sweven I had this night.** As the last two lines in the second stanza of the manuscript are apparently part of Robin Hood's relation of his dream, Percy divided the stanza and inserted the lines in brackets. To make the lines in the original rhyme with those he had inserted (!), he changed the first two to —

"The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,"

and the last two to —

"I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight."

Page 94, line 11. **two wight yeomen.** "Sir Guy being one, the other person pointed at must of course be the sheriff of Nottingham. . . . The dream simply foreshadows danger from two quarters." — CHILD, III, 89.

Page 95, line 49. **Barnesdale.** "Barnsdale . . . is a woodland region in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a little to the south of Pontefract, and somewhat further to the north of Doncaster. The river Went is its northern boundary. . . . A little to the west is Wakefield, and beyond Wakefield, between that town and Halifax, was the priory of Kyrkesly, or Kirkless." — CHILD, III, 50.

Page 98, line 114. **some unset steven.** An unappointed, unexpected time. Cf. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, *The Knight's Tale*, 665: —

"It is ful fair a man to bere hym evene,
For al day meeteth men at unset stevene."

Page 99, line 142. **Gisborne.** A town in the extreme western portion of Yorkshire, near the Lancashire border.

Page 99, line 159. **Ah, dear Lady!** Robin Hood's devotion to the Virgin Mary is a noteworthy motive in the older ballads. See in especial *A Lytel Geste of Robin Hood*, 28–35: —

> "A good maner than had Robyn,
> In londe where that he were,
> Every daye or he would dyne
> Three messes wolde he here:
>
> "The one in worshyp of the fader,
> The other of the holy goost,
> The thyrde was of our dere lady,
> That he loved of all other moste."

In the same ballad (244–263) he refuses to accept God, Peter, Paul, or John as surety for a debt, but accepts "our dere lady."

Page 100, line 165. **he came with an awkward stroke.** Percy conjectures (I, 94) "backward"; Child (V, 312) defines as "backhanded"; Ritson says (I, 150), "An awkward stroke seems to mean an unusual or out of the way stroke, one which the receiver could not foresee, be aware of, or guard against; a sort of left or backhand stroke." Gummere points out (*Old English Ballads*, 321) that "this is the regular phrase for a decisive blow in ballad warfare."

Page 100, line 179. **did off.** Percy's emendation of the manuscript reading, "did on."

Page 100, line 181. **he put on that capul-hide.** Child notes (III, 90) that this disguising must be for the purpose of rescuing Little John, yet not only are we not told how Robin knew he was taken, but there seems no point in the story where such information could have come to him. "It will not be enough, therefore, to suppose that verses have dropped out; there must also have been a considerable derangement of the story."

Page 100, line 184. **With me.** For the manuscript reading, "And with me."

Page 100, line 189. **Nottingham.** See note on *Robin Hood and Little John*, p. 179.

Page 102, line 228. **His arrows were rawstye by the root.** Furnivall conjectures (I, 236) that the word "rawstye" means "rusty," but in his glossary (III, 563) defines it as "moist, damp." Child suggests (V, 368) "rusty, soiled, foul (with blood) at the end."

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL (Page 103)

The version published in his *Robin Hood* (II, 183), by Ritson, who says, "This very old and curious piece is preserved solely in the editions of *Robin Hood's Garland*, printed at York. . . . It is here given from a collation of two different copies, containing numerous variations." A ballad on the same subject is in the Percy Ms., but as three half-pages have been torn away, it is but a fragment. Child prints (III, 102) versions from *The English Archer* (Paisley, 1786), and *The English Archer* (York), that closely resemble the one here given, and states that the ballad, "though found only in late garlands, is in the fine old strain."

Page 103, line 11. **fair Kirkley.** Kirklees Nunnery was near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. An engraving of the lodge, the only portion remaining, may be seen in Andrews's *Bygone Yorkshire*, 169.

Page 105, line 76. **With a green sod under my head.** "This line is manifestly impertinent and corrupt. We might read, With a stone upon the sod." — RITSON (Routledge ed.), 411.

A "bow shot" from the remains of the Kirklees Nunnery is still shown what is said to be Robin Hood's grave. A cross formerly marked the spot, and is said to have borne an epitaph stating that Robert, Earl of "Huntingtun," whom people called "Robin Heud," died on December 24, 1247, and was buried beneath. But unfortunately for the tradition, "a careful examination of the ground has revealed the damaging fact that the pediment of the cross (which undoubtedly did stand here) rests on the solid natural

rock, excluding all possibility of interment." — CHARLES A. FEDERER, *Robin Hood in Yorkshire* in Andrews's *Bygone Yorkshire*, 172.

JOHNNIE COCK (Page 106)

Of this, which he terms a "precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad," Child prints (III, 1; IV, 495) thirteen versions and fragments, the one here given being that communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher of Carlisle, in 1780, as printed by Child. The best-known version is the one first published, that given by Scott in his *Minstrelsy* (I, 59), under the title, *Johnie of Breadislee;* but this was made up by "selecting stanzas of greatest merit" from several copies that he had. Different versions place the scene of the hunting in different regions: Scott's in Dumfriesshire, in southwestern Scotland; Motherwell's, a little south of Edinburgh; while Percy, according to Child (III, 2), notes that there was a Pickeram Side in Northumbria, a Cockley Tower near Brady's Cragg, in Erringside, and a Cockley's Well in Cumberland. Child states, however, that he could not find Brady's Cragg or Pickeram Side on the Ordnance Survey maps; but that Cocklaw Walls, near Cockley, in Erringside, "may represent the Cockley's Well of the ballad."

Page 106, line 19. **Lincolm green.** Lincoln, one of the most ancient towns in England, is the county seat of Lincolnshire, the county just south of Yorkshire. It and Kendal, in Westmoreland, were formerly noted as dyeing the best greens in England. This color was worn by the hunters in the forests as less likely than any other to attract the attention of the game.

Page 109, line 82. **Is there never a boy in a' this wood.** "The *boy* . . . is evidently a corruption of *bird*." — CHILD, III, 2. Birds are often the bearers of messages in ballads. Scott's version has: —

> "'O is there na a bonnie bird
> Can sing as I can sing,
> Could flee away to my mother's bower,
> And tell to fetch Johnie away?'

"The starling flew to his mother's window stane
It whistled and it sang,
And aye the ower-word o' the tune
Was, Johnie tarries lang!"

In two other versions a bird is the bearer of the tidings. Cf. *The Gay Goshawk.*

Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night (Page 110)

Of this, which he terms (III, 520) "one of the best ballads in English," Child prints (III, 362) three versions and several variants of these. The one here given is that published in *A Collection of Old Ballads* (1723), I, 170, which varies but slightly from one printed nearly a century earlier. Child notes that "Ihonne Ermistrangis dance" is mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland* (1549). Goldsmith wrote (*The Bee*, No. 2, October 13, 1759), "The music of Mattei [a favorite singer of the day] is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night.*"

The ballad is founded on an actual occurrence, and agrees closely with the historical accounts. The Armstrongs, an important family in Liddesdale in the fourteenth century, spread from there, and by the sixteenth had become one of the most numerous and powerful in the West March, as the western border-land was termed. John Armstrong early in that century built a tower on the Esk, Giltnock Hall, which still remains; and here he supported himself and twenty-four followers by levying tribute and by incursions across the border. James V determined to suppress him, and levied an army for that purpose in 1530; but when he approached Armstrong's hold that leader presented himself and his followers before him, hoping to turn aside his wrath. Child quotes (III, 364) Lindsay's *Cronicles of Scotland* as follows: "So when he entered in before the king, he came very reverently, with his fore

said number very richly appareled, trusting that in respect he had come to the king's grace willingly and voluntarily, not being taken nor apprehended by the king, he should obtain the more favor. But when the king saw him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, and so many braw men under a tyrant's commandment, throwardlie he turned about his face, and bade take that tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'What wants yon knave that a ki , should have?' But when John Armstrong perceived that the king kindled in a fury against him, and had no hope of his life, notwithstanding of many great and fair offers which he offered to the king, . . . he, seeing no hope of the king's favor towards him, said very proudly, 'I am but a fool to seek grace at a graceless face. But had I known, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have lived upon the borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would weigh down my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.' So he was led to the scaffold, and he and all his men hanged." Other accounts indicate that Armstrong and his followers were lured to the king by treachery, as in the ballad.

Page 110, line 5. **in Westmorland.** This is, of course, an error, for Westmoreland is a county of England. Child suggests (III, 366) that the confusion may have come from the fact that Armstrong lived in the *West* March.

Page 111, line 29. **Giltnock Hall.** Armstrong's hold on the Esk River in southwestern Scotland.

Page 111, line 51. **I have asked grace of a graceless face.** So in the ballad *Mary Hamilton*: —

> "'Make never meen for me,' she says,
> 'Make never meen for me;
> Seek never grace frae a graceless face,
> For that ye'll never see.'"

Page 112, line 69. **merry men.** See note on *Chevy Chase*, p. 193

Page 112, line 70. **I am a little wounded but am not slain.** So in the ballad *Sir Andrew Barton*: —

> " 'Ffight on, my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
> 'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
> I'le lay me downe and bleed awhile,
> And then I'le rise and ffight againe.' "

Page 113, line 93. **O then bespake his little son.** "Not infrequently in popular ballads, a very young (even unborn) child speaks, by miracle, to save a life, vindicate innocence, or for some other kindly occasion; sometimes again to threaten revenge, as here." — CHILD, III, 367.

So in the ballad *The Baron of Brackley*: —

> " Up spake the son on the nourice's knee,
> 'Gin I live to be a man, revenged I'll be.' "

See also *Captain Car*.

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW (Page 114)

Published by Scott in the *Minstrelsy* (III, 80) as a "fragment, obtained from recitation, in the Forest of Ettrick." It is "said to relate to the execution of Cokburne of Henderland, a border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V, . . . in 1529." "Tradition says that Cokburne was surprised by the king while sitting at dinner." In the recesses of a rocky glen near the house his wife remained hidden during his execution.

Child considers this song, which he says "has received extraordinary favor," in his introduction to *The Famous Flower of Serving Men* (II, 429), it having resemblances with the opening of that ballad, as with *The Three Ravens* and *Fair Helen*. The statement that it refers to Cokburne he terms "a random invention."

Page 114, line 2. **And clad it a' wi' lily flower.** "A great deal of nonsense passes in ballads, but I am impelled to ask just here how

a lover would go about to clothe a bower with lily-flower. Is the ballad lily a climbing plant?" — Child, II, 429.

Page 115, line 28. **I'll chain my heart for evermair.** "The fragment printed by Scott was given him by the Ettrick Shepherd. It was printed with no important change except in the last stanza, all of which is the editor's but the second line." — Child, IV, 492.

Gilderoy (Page 116)

Published by Percy in the *Reliques* (I, 334) as "from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections." He states that there is a copy in Thompson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1733), "which, though corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity; in these he [Gilderoy] is represented as contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots."

In the edition of Percy's *Reliques*, edited by R. A. Willmott (1857), the introduction to this song is as follows: "Gilderoy, the Robin Hood of Scottish minstrelsy, was a noted robber who infested the Highlands of Perthshire with his gang, of whom seven, being captured by the Stewarts of Athol, were executed, February, 1638. In revenge, Gilderoy burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts; but the offer of a large reward (£1000) for his apprehension caused him to be pursued from place to place; and at length, with five of his companions, he suffered for his crimes at Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh, July, 1638."

Page 117, line 27. **holland.** See note on *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, p. 157.

Captain Car (Page 120)

This ballad is based on a historical occurrence. In 1571 the castle of Towie, in Aberdeenshire, a hold of John Forbes, was during his absence burnt by Captain Thomas Ker (pronounced Car), under command of Adam Gordon, Queen Mary's deputy-lieutenant in the north; and Forbes's wife, children, and servants, twenty-

seven people in all, were killed. Child prints (III, 423; IV, 513; V, 247) nine versions, the one here given being from a sixteenth-century manuscript. Some versions take the name Edom o' Gordon from Ker's commander.

Page 120, line 12. **there we will take our rest.** Child considers (III. 428) this a speech by one of Car's men, and the next as by Car himself. But the speaker answers the question "as one having authority," and the following speech is more like that of a subordinate. Possibly the fourth stanza is to be understood as a suggestion by John Hamilton, the traitorous retainer so active later, ll. 85–88.

Page 121, line 28. **Easter-town.** Town probably in the sense of steading or place, a small collection of houses.

Page 122, line 77. **Then bespake the youngest son.** See note on *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night*, p. 187.

Page 123, line 99. **His hall were all of fire.** "The making Gordon burn a house of the Hamiltons, who were of the queen's party, is a heedless perversion of history such as is to be found only in 'historical' ballads. The castle of Hamilton had been burnt in 1570, . . . more than a year before the burning of Towie, but by Lennox and his English allies." — CHILD, III, 428.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY (Page 125)

James Stewart, who became Earl of Murray by marriage with the heiress of the Regent Murray, was accused of having been among the followers of Bothwell in his assault on Holyrood in 1591. The Earl of Huntly, who was his enemy, prevailed on the king to give him a commission to apprehend Murray and bring him to trial. In February, 1592, Huntly found Murray at a house belonging to his mother, the Lady Downe, and besieged and finally fired the house. Murray, however, escaped from the burning house and hid among the rocks in the vicinity, but was discovered and slain. The lamentation of the people was so great and their indignation so outspoken

that the king did not deem it prudent to remain in Edinburgh, but removed for a season to Glasgow. This version was printed by Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany* (Crum's edition, II, 158) in 1750; and reprinted by Percy (II, 222), who says "King James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which the queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth." Child, who prints (III, 447) one other version of this ballad, quotes Sir James Balfour as one stating this, but says, "Balfour may have had gossip, or he may have had a ballad, for his authority . . .; the suggestion deserves no attention." Cf. the introduction to *Young Waters*.

Page 125, line 10. **rid at the ring.** A game in which one riding at full speed endeavored to carry off on the point of his lance a ring lightly attached to a support. See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, 123, for a full description with illustrations.

Page 125, line 22. **the Castle Downe.** Percy prints this "the castle downe," but says, "Castle downe here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray." As it was near this seat that Murray was slain, it is probably the castle to which reference is made.

Kinmont Willie (Page 126)

The only version of this ballad is that published by Scott (I, 111), who introduces it with the words, "In the following rude strains, our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border." He further states, "This ballad is preserved by tradition on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters; so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible." In the introduction to *Jock o' the Side* (I, 154), moreover, he writes, "The subject of this ballad, being a common event in those troublesome and disorderly times, became a favorite theme of

the ballad makers. There are in this collection no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other, though the poetical description is so different that the Editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several verses which in recitation are common to all these three songs, the Editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetic effect." To what extent, therefore, *Kinmont Willie* is to be regarded as a genuine traditional ballad and to what extent a concoction, or even imitation, by Scott is uncertain. Child writes (III, 472), "It is to be suspected that a great deal more emendation was done than the mangling of reciters rendered absolutely necessary. One would like, for example, to see stanzas 10–12 and 31 in their mangled condition." Professor Kittredge is even more outspoken in his doubt: in the Introduction to the Cambridge Edition of Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, he writes (XXIX), "The traditional ballad appears to be inimitable by any person of literary cultivation. . . . A solitary, though doubtful, exception is *Kinmont Willie*, which is under vehement suspicion of being the work of Sir Walter Scott."

From Spottiswood's *History of the Church of Scotland*, Scott quotes a detailed account of the daring exploit celebrated in the ballad, of which the following abstract will serve to show the deviations from history in the poem. William Armstrong, said to have been a descendant of the Armstrong celebrated in *Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good-night* (cf. p. 110), and like him a notorious freebooter, was, in defiance of the law of the Border, captured by the English during a time of truce in 1596 and lodged in Carlisle castle. Sir Walter Scott, laird of Buccleuch, who was in charge of Liddesdale, endeavored to secure his release by successive appeals to Mr. Salkeld, a representative of Lord Scroop, the warden of the West Marches, the warden himself, the English

ambassador at Edinburgh, and finally Queen Elizabeth herself. Obtaining no satisfaction, he took matters into his own hands and with two hundred horsemen set out for Carlisle, April 13, 1596. While the others remained in a field before the castle to assure against interruption from the town, eighty of the Scots made a breach in the wall. The guards were surprised and captured, and "Will of Kinmonth" released. As "he did intend nothing but the reparation of his Majesty's honor," Buccleuch would permit no one to be injured or any booty to be taken. Armstrong cried a satircal good-night to Mr. Salkeld and Lord Scroop, and the band regained the main body in safety. The alarm had been given, however, and the Scotch were chased to the river Eden. Though this was at flood because of recent rains, they succeeded in crossing it at Stony-bank, and the pursuit was abandoned.

Page 126, line 4. **Haribee.** "The place of execution outside of Carlisle." — CHILD, III, 472. See *The Heart of Midlothian*, ch. 40.

Page 126, line 12. **the Liddel-rack.** A ford in the river Liddel, which is for a few miles the border between England and Scotland.

Page 126, line 14. **Carlisle.** See note on *Adam Bell*, p. 173.

Page 127, line 30. **Branksome Ha'.** Three miles southwest of Hawick.

Page 128, line 64. **Stobs.** Four miles southeast of Hawick.

Page 128, line 76. **Woodhouselee.** A house belonging to Buccleuch on the Scottish border, a little west of the junction of the Esk and the Liddel.

Page 128, line 77. **'Bateable Land.** "A tract on the extreme western border, beginning between the mouths of the Sark and Esk and stretching north and east eight miles, with a greatest breadth of four miles. . . . The land was parted between England and Scotland in 1552." — CHILD, III, 363.

Page 129, line 95. **Dickie of Dryhope** was, like the Kinmont, an Armstrong and a notorious freebooter.

Page 129, line 102. **at Staneshaw-bank.** At Stony-bank.

Page 130, line 118. **upon the lead.** Plates of lead were sometimes used as roofing material.

Page 130, line 124. **"O whae dare meddle wi' me?"** A Border tune.

Page 131, line 146. **Teviotdale.** See note on Chevy Chase, p. 198

CHEVY CHASE (Page 133)

This, probably the most famous ballad in English, "almost certainly belonged originally to the fifteenth century" (Skeat, *Specimens of English Literature, from . . . 1394–1579*, 67). It exists in two versions, both of which were printed by Percy. The *Reliques* opened with the older, and in his introduction to it Percy wrote (1, 1), "The fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favorite of our riper years."

This is supposed to be the ballad that called forth the well-known encomium of Sir Philip Sidney (*Defence of Poesy*, ed. by A. S. Cook, 29), "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder [beggar], with no rougher voice than rude style;" but Child notes (III, 305) that there is nothing here that points specifically to *Chevy Chase* and that the expressions fit equally well the *Battle of Otterburn*.

The more modern version, which probably dates from the time of James I, was the one known to Addison, who professed himself "an admirer of this antiquated song" and in Nos. 70 and 74 (May 21 and 25, 1711) of the *Spectator* gave a general account of it, pointed out its beauties, and adduced parallel passages from Greek and Latin poems. He says, "The old song of Chevy-Chase is the favorite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson

used to say, he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, on the other hand, esteemed the ballad by no means so highly. In conversation with William Windham in 1784 he said, "Chevy Chase pleased the vulgar, but did not satisfy the learned; it did not fill a mind capable of thinking strongly." (Hill's *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, II, 440.)

This ballad has many points in common with that on the battle of Otterburn, and the relation of the two is a disputed question. The battle was an historical event, about which we have considerable information, but only in this ballad are we told aught of the disasters that followed the hunting in the Cheviot Hills. Moreover, as Percy says (I, 18), "The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn." As early as 1644 Hume of Godscroft, therefore, having stated that the battle of Otterburn had been made the subject of a popular song, writes, "But that which is commonly sung of the *Hunting of the Cheviot* seemeth indeed poetical, and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in the Scottish or English Chronicle. Neither are the songs that are made of them both one." (Scott, I, 27.) Percy was of the opinion (I, 4) that a hunt by Percy in the Scotch Marches, in defiance of Douglas, "did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad; for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otterbourn, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it." Hales (II, 5) is of much the same opinion as Percy: "The ballad on the *Hunting of the Cheviot*, — borrowed largely from that on the Battle of Otterbourne, — was, in fact, in course of time believed to celebrate the same event. . . . The two ballads represent two different features of the old Border life — the Raid and the defiant Hunt. But they had much in common, and so were soon confused together." Child, on the other hand, thinks (III, 304) both bal

lads were founded on the same occurrence, this "being of course the later version, and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad."

"This ballad is historically highly valuable for the picture it gives of Border warfare in its more chivalrous days, when ennobled by generosity and honor. The hewing and hacking lose their horrors in the atmosphere of romance thrown around them. . . . The general spirit of the ballad then is historical. But the details are not authentic. . . . It is, as it were, the *Epic* of Border poetry."—HALES, II, 2, 4, 7.

Under the title *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, Child prints (III, 303) both versions and notes six variants of the younger. The text here printed is modernized from that given by Skeat (*Specimens of English Literature, from . . . 1394–1579*, 67) as from a manuscript written about 1560 by, or from the dictation of, Richard Sheale, a wandering ballad-singer of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.

Page 133, line 1. **The Percy out of Northumberland.** This powerful northern family, probably the most distinguished noble house in English history, traced its descent from William de Percy, who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and was endowed with great possessions in different parts of the country. At the coronation of Richard II, 1377, Henry Percy, a feudal baron, was made Earl of Northumberland, the northernmost county of England. He was the father of "Hotspur," the Percy of the *Battle of Otterburn*, and with his son fought the battle of Homildon, in which an Earl Douglas was taken prisoner. Later he joined a conspiracy against Henry IV and fell in battle. His estates and title were forfeited, but by Henry V were restored to his grandson. Twice later the titles and estates were forfeited, but they were restored and continued in the family until the extinction of the male line in 1670. In 1766 the dukedom of Northumberland was created, and Sir Hugh Smithson, the first duke, adopted the name Percy, as he was connected with that family by marriage.

Page 133, line 2. **An avow.** The manuscript has "and A vowe," on which Skeat comments (393), "In Old English the form *avow* is very common, as *e.g.* in Chaucer (*Knightes Tale*, 1379): —

'That make I myn *avow*, so ye me helpe' —

whereas the form *vow* does not occur. Richard Sheale, who had probably learnt the ballad by ear, very naturally turned *an avow* into *and a vow*, which is nonsense."

Page 133, line 4. **Cheviot.** A mountain range running for some thirty-five miles from northeast to southwest in the counties of Northumberland, England, and Roxburghshire, Scotland, and rising to a height of 2676 feet. Percy quotes (I, 272) Leland, an antiquary of the reign of Henry VIII, as writing, "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills: where is much Brushe-wood and some Okke; grownde overgrowne with Linge, and some with Mosse. . . . There is great plente of Reddedere, and Roo Bukkes." By Percy's time both the deer and the woods had disappeared.

Page 133, line 5. **In the maugre.** The manuscript has "In the maggez," which Skeat terms (393) "a mistake for *in maugre*, more frequently *maugre* (without *in*); *i.e.* in spite of."

"From a passage in the *Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth*, . . . we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together, 'with their grey-hounds for deer;' but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness." — PERCY, I, 269.

Page 133, line 5. **doughty Douglas.** The power of this house, as famous in Scottish history as was that of Percy in English, was

established by "the good Sir James," who allied himself with Bruce in 1306 and was one of the principal commanders at the battle of Bannockburn. Charged by his dying king to bury his heart in the Holy Land, he fell in 1330 fighting against the Moors in Spain. (Cf. Froissart's *Chronicles*, Bk. I, Ch. 20, and Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, First series, Ch. 11.) His nephew William added greatly to the powers and possessions of the family by marriages with the heiresses of the Earls of Mar and of Angus, and about 1356 was made one of the wardens of the Marches and in 1358 created first Earl of Douglas. James, his son by his first marriage, succeeded him as second earl, and it was he who was killed at Otterburn. His nephew Archibald, the fourth earl, was the Douglas taken prisoner by the Percys at Homildon. The subsequent history of the house is full of picturesque and tragical incidents, a readable account of which may be found in Mrs. Oliphant's *Royal Edinburgh*, Part II, Ch. II. The direct line came to an end with the death of James, the ninth earl, in 1488; but, as in the case of Percy, the name was later adopted by a descendant in the female line.

The Douglases, Earls of Angus, familiar to readers of Scott's *Marmion* and *Lady of the Lake*, are another branch of the same family, descendants of George, the son of the first Earl Douglas by his second marriage.

Page 133, line 11. **Bamborough.** A strong castle in the extreme northeastern corner of England, sixteen miles southeast of Berwick. It stands on a high rock overlooking the North Sea, the site of a Saxon stronghold that possibly replaced a Roman station. A small village grew up under the protection of the castle.

Page 133, line 14. **shires three.** "By these . . . is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighborhood of Cheviot. They are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island; *Norehamshire*, so called from the town and castle of

Noreham (or Norham); and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough castle and town" — Percy, I, 5.

Page 133, line 21. **bickered.** This word ("byckarte" in the manuscript) is variously defined. Percy (I, 362) gives "skirmished," but states, "it is also used sometimes in the sense of swiftly coursed, which seems to be the sense [here];" Skeat (485), "bickered, skirmished"; Hales-Furnivall (III, 548), "fought"; Child (V, 321), "(fought) attacked (the deer)"; Halliwell (*Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, I, 173), "to clatter, to hasten"; Jamieson (*Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, I, 182), "to move quickly." It seems to be derived from the Welsh *bicra*, to fight.

Page 134, line 49. **Tweed.** A river some ninety-seven miles long that flows northeast and east in Peebles, Selkirk, and Roxburgh in Scotland, forms part of the boundary between Scotland and England, and empties into the North Sea at Berwick in Northumberland. Among its tributaries are the Ettrick, Yarrow, Teviot, Gala, and Leader, all famed in Scottish song, and on its banks are Peebles, Abbotsford (Scott's home), Dryburgh Abbey (where he lies buried), Melrose, and Kelso.

Page 134, line 50. **Tivydale.** Teviotdale. The Teviot is a river of Roxburgh, that after a northeast course of thirty-four miles flows into the Tweed at Kelso. Hawick is the only town on its banks. In the later version of this ballad, the corresponding lines are: –

> **"All men of pleasant Tivydale,**
> **Fast by the river Tweede."**

So Worusworth wrote in *Yarrow Unvisited*,

> "Dryborough, where the chiming **Tweed,**
> **The lintwhites sing in chorus;**
> There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
> **Made blithe with plough and harrow."**

Page 135, line 61. **Cheviot chase.** "Hunting-ground upon the Cheviot hills; hence the name of the poem. *Chase* is thus shown to be the *place* of hunting, not the *act*." — SKEAT, 396.

Hence Ruskin, in his usual metaphorical manner, termed the collection of his letters to newspapers, *Arrows of the Chace*.

Page 136, line 90. **Richard Witherington.** The manuscript has Rc. Wytharryngton; the later version, Witherington. Percy thinks (I, 8) "this is probably corrupted . . . for Rog. Widdrington, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III."

Page 136, line 92. **Harry the Fourth.** Henry IV did not begin to reign until 1399, eleven years after the battle of Otterburn.

Page 137, line 21. **myneyeple.** Percy says (I, 370) "perhaps many plies, or folds." Skeat objects (396) to this definition, and says, "The context would lead us to suppose that it is some part of a man's body-armor, and we may reasonably guess it to be a corruption of *manople*, a French term for a large gauntlet protecting the hand and the whole fore-arm." Child gives (V, 360) this explanation, but marks it with an interrogation point.

Page 137, line 22. **Many stern they stroke down straight.** "Many stern ones they struck down straight." — SKEAT, 397.

Page 138, line 28. **of fine Milan.** Milan steel. Scott says in note q to the first canto of *Marmion*, "The artists of Milan were famous in the Middle Ages for their skill in armory."

Page 138, line 36. **Jamie our Scottish king.** James I was born in 1394, six years after Otterburn. He became king of Scotland on the death of his father in 1406, but was at the time a captive in England, and did not come to the throne until 1424, the second year of Henry VI of England. Percy remarks (I, 3), "A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention."

Page 138, line 46. **Forth of a mighty wane.** Percy explains

(I, 11) this, "Wane, *i.e.* ane, one, sc. man; an arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man." Wheatley in his edition of Percy (I, 29) considers it a scribal error for mane, man. Skeat says (397), "the Northern form of O. Eng. *wone*, a quantity, multitude; it means a single arrow out of a vast quantity." Child quotes (V, 389) this, but says, "This is to me quite unsatisfactory, but I have no better interpretation to offer. Wain, in the sense of a vehicle for a missile, ballista, catapult, would be what is wanted, but I have not succeeded in finding a case."

Page 139, line 53. **merry men.** "Merry men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers." — Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.

Page 139, line 57. **He took the dead man by the hand.** "Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate. . . . The beautiful line, 'taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Æneas' behavior towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father." — Addison, *Spectator*, No. 70.

Page 139, line 64. **Sir Hugh the Montgomery.** "Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the . . . Earl of Eglinton." — Percy, I, 37.

Page 140, line 90. **With his heart-blood they were wet.** "This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn [*i.e.* the event, not the ballad]; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery . . . was slain with an arrow." — Percy, I, 13.

"The thought in [this] stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil." — Addison, *Spectator*, No. 74.

Page 141, line 112. **Sir John of Agerstone.** "The family of Haggerston of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. . . . The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's *Itinerary*." — Percy, I, 35.

Page 141, line 113. **Sir Roger, the hind Hartley.** "Hartley is a

village near the sea, in the barony of Tinemouth, about seven miles from North-Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time." — PERCY, I, 36.

Page 141, line 114. **Sir William, the bold Heron.** "This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration in Northumberland. Haddeston, the *Caput Baroniæ* of Heron, was their ancient residence." — PERCY, I, 36.

Page 141, line 115. **Sir George, the worthy Lumley.** Percy read (I, 36) this Lovele, and suggested that the bearer of the name was one of the Delaval family, of Seaton Delaval in Northumberland; but Skeat says (398) that the word in the manuscript is *loumle*, and cannot be read *louele*; and notes that "My Lord Lumley" is mentioned in both the *Ballad of Scotish Feilde* and the *Ballad of Bosworth Feilde* in Bishop Percy's Folio Ms.

Page 141, line 117. **Sir Raff, the rich Rugby.** "The ancient family of Rokeby in Yorkshire seems to be here intended." — PERCY, I, 36.

"Sir Raff the rich Rugbe was probably Sir Ralph Neville of Raby Castle, son of the first Earl of Westmoreland, and cousin-german to Hotspur. In the more modern edition of the ballad, he is expressly called Sir Ralph Raby, *i.e.* of Raby." — SCOTT, I, 351 (of 1873 reprint of 1833 ed.).

Page 141, line 125. **Sir Davy Liddale.** The name in the manuscript is Lwdale. Percy says (I, 37), "The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were lords of Liddel Castle, and of the barony of Buff." Skeat writes (399), "This seems to be the 'Sir David Lambwell' of the later version."

Page 141, line 127. **Sir Charles o' Murray.** 'The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays, sometime Earls of Annandale." — PERCY, I, 38.

Page 141, line 129. **Sir Hugh Maxwell.** Percy speaks (I, 38) of the Maxwell family as "always very powerful on the borders,"

but adds, "I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished. . . . This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh."

Page 142, line 143. **His hands did he weal and wring.** Skeat defines (531) weal, "to clench so as to leave marks, to mark with *wales* by clenching"; but marks the explanation with an interrogation point, and in a note suggests (399), "We should perhaps read *wringe and wayle*."

Page 142, line 160. **the battle of Homildon.** Homildon, or Humbledon, is in Glendale, one of the six wards of Northumberland. On September 14, 1402, the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory here over about ten thousand Scots under the command of Archibald, Earl of Douglas, who was taken prisoner. Child says (III, 304), "Though the occasion of Homildon was really another incursion on the part of the Scots, and the same Percy was in command of the English who in the ballad meets his death at Otterburn nevertheless the battle of Homildon was actually done fourteen years subsequent to that of Otterburn and falls in the reign of Henry Fourth."

Page 143, line 166. **That tear began this spurn.** "This is said to be a proverb, meaning 'that tear or pull brought about this kick.'" — SKEAT, 400.

"Such a proverb is unlikely and should be vouched. There may be corruption, and perhaps we should read, as a lamentation, That ear (ever) begane this spurn! Or possibly, That tear is for Tha' there, meaning simply there." — CHILD, III, 307.

Page 143, line 168. **the battle of Otterburn.** "We are afraid that the 'old men' scarcely knew the ground well enough. Otterbourne is but some thirty miles from Newcastle. Douglas met Percy, the *Hunting* tells us, in Teviotdale." — HALES, II, 5

"Otterburn is not in Cheviot." — CHILD, III, 304.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN (Page 144)

Of "this transcendently heroic ballad," as he terms it, Child prints (III, 289; IV, 499; V, 243) seven versions or fragments. Percy printed an English version in his *Reliques* (I, 18), in which, in defiance of the historical accounts, the English, though outnumbered five to one by the Scots, were the victors. That here given was published by Scott in the 1803 edition of the *Minstrelsy* (I, 27). Its basis is the fragment printed by Herd in his *Scottish Songs*, in 1776, "but," says Sir Walter, "fortunately two copies have since been obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out, and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history." Child states (IV, 499) that the two versions were in reality two letters from Hogg, the first enclosing twenty-nine stanzas that he had recovered from the recitation of "a crazy old man, and a woman deranged in her mind," who had both failed him at the most interesting part of the story; the second giving eleven more stanzas that he had made from what he had been able to get in plain prose. Scott emended these, added stanzas from Herd's version, and thus produced this one. "The most vivid and touching stanzas in the whole ballad — those describing the death of Douglas — stanzas 'which,' in the opinion of Professor Veitch, 'for power and simple pathos are unsurpassed in ballad literature,' are little more than Scott's improvement of what was very much the mere concoction of Hogg." — T. F. HENDERSON, *Scottish Vernacular Literature*, 362.

The following account of the battle is derived from the *Chronicles* (Bk. III, Ch. 124–130) of Froissart, who obtained his information from participants. Taking advantage of the unsettled condition of the north of England during the reign of Richard II, the Scots decided to invade and harry the country in retaliation for many similar injuries that they had suffered from the English. Their host was

divided into two parts, the larger against Carlisle, the smaller against Northumberland and Durham. This latter force, consisting of three hundred spearsmen and two thousand infantry, under the command of James, Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray, crossed the border by by-roads and ravaged the country as far as Durham without meeting serious opposition. On their way home they lay for three days before Newcastle, in which many English noblemen with their followers had gathered, but found the place too strong to be captured. In a skirmish on the last day Douglas won the pennon of Sir Henry Percy, called because of his impetuosity "Hotspur," (Cf. Shakspere's *Richard II* and *Henry IV*, Pt. I), and declared that he would place it on his tower at Dalkeith. Percy indignantly retorted that he would never carry it out of Northumberland, and promised to come that night and take it from before Douglas's tent.

As the English thought the Scots were merely the vanguard of a force of forty thousand, Hotspur was dissuaded from what seemed a foolhardy attempt; and on the morrow the Scots resumed their homeward march, burning and harrying as they went. The castle of Otterburn, some eight leagues from Newcastle, made such a strong resistance, however, that they went into camp in marshy ground in the neighborhood, building huts and fortifying their position.

Learning the true force of the Scots, Percy set out in pursuit with six hundred spearsmen and eight thousand infantry, and by a forced march reached the camp early in the evening of August 19, 1388. The Scots had shrewdly placed their servants and baggage nearest the road, so that while the English were engaged with these, the knights and soldiers had time to arm and to dispose themselves according to a predetermined plan of battle. They unexpectedly fell upon the English flank, and for a while threw their opponents into the greatest confusion. The English rallied, however, and by virtue of their superior numbers were forcing the

Scots back when the young Earl Douglas, desirous of winning renown by some signal feat of arms, seized a huge battle-axe and shouting, "Douglas! Douglas!" forced his way, with but few followers, into the very midst of the enemy. He soon fell mortally wounded, but as he was not recognized in the darkness and confusion was able to give his last commands to his followers. He ordered them to conceal the fact of his death from friends and foes alike, unite their forces, advance his pennon, and sound his rallying cry. They did so with such effect that the English, tired out with their long march, were forced back, and were soon in full retreat. Both Sir Henry Percy and his brother Sir Ralph were captured.

Froissart gives the English loss in dead and captured as 1880, the Scots as three hundred, and says, "Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe."

The relation of this ballad to *Chevy Chase* is discussed in the introduction to the latter.

Page 144, line 3. **doughty Douglas.** See note on *Chevy Chase*, p. 196.

Page 144, line 5. **the Gordons.** A powerful and illustrious family with possessions both on the Border and in the Highlands, whose chief at this time, Sir John of Gordon, was noted for his successes against the English in Border forays. He lost his life in the battle of Otterburn.

Page 144, line 5. **the Graemes.** A numerous and powerful clan who settled in the Debateable Land and were for the most part transferred to Ireland by James VI as "no meet persons to live in these countries."

Page 144, line 6. **the Lindesays.** An ancient family, whose chief, David Lord of Glenesk, survived the battle and was created Earl of Crawford. Froissart names Sir Alexander, Sir William, and Sir James Lindsay as also taking part in the battle.

Page 144, line 7. **the Jardines.** "A clan of hardy West-Border men. . . . Their refusal to ride with Douglas was, probably, the result of one of those perpetual feuds, which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army." — SCOTT, I, 354 (of the 1873 reprint of 1833 ed.).

Page 144, line 9. **the dales of Tyne.** The Tyne, commercially one of the most important rivers in England, is formed by the junction of the North and the South Tyne, flows northeasterly for thirty-five miles, and empties into the North Sea. The last eighteen miles of its course forms part of the boundary between Durham and Northumberland.

Page 144, line 10. **Bamb'rough.** See note on *Chevy Chase*, p. 197.

Page 144, line 11. **Reidswire fells.** "The Reidswire is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh . . . *Swire* signifies the descent of a hill, and the epithet *Red* is derived from the color of the heath." — SCOTT, I, 96.

Page 144, line 13. **Newcastle.** The capital of Northumberland, on the river Tyne, eight miles from its mouth. It was a Roman colony, one of the stations on the wall which the Romans built to protect themselves from the incursions of their semi-barbarous northern neighbors. It owes its present name to the fortress built here by Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror. Being situated over extensive coal-fields, the city is now a large and important manufacturing centre and the chief coal-exporting port of Great Britain.

Page 144, line 17. **Lord Percy.** On the Percy family, see note on *Chevy Chase*, p. 195. The son of an earl was not given the title lord in the fourteenth century.

Page 145, line 29. **But O how pale his lady looked.** Child condemns (III, 295) this stanza as "Spurious, modern in diction and in conception."

Page 145, line 35. **I wad ha'e had you.** "Douglas insinuates that Percy was rescued by his soldiers." — SCOTT, I, 356.

Page 145, line 37. **Otterburn.** A brook in Northumberland some thirty miles northwest from Newcastle. On its banks was a castle about which grew up a village. A monument now marks the spot where the battle was fought.

Page 146, line 73. **I have dreamed a dreary dream.** Child quotes (III, 295) Hume of Godscroft as stating that the dying Douglas said to his kinsman, "Long since I heard a prophesie that a dead man should winne a field, and I hope in God it shall be I."

"In the Scotch version this event [the death of Douglas] is prepared for by a dream which visits Douglas, a dream singularly impressive and romantic. . . . This supernatural effect is repeated at the moment of Douglas's fall, and thus a new charm is won for the poem, which is missed in Chevy Chase." — LANG, Ward's *English Poets*, I, 204.

Page 146, line 74. **Beyond the Isle of Sky.** Skye is a rocky, mountainous island separated from the western coast of Scotland by a narrow strait. Of a very irregular shape, it contains about 547 square miles, and is the largest of the Inner Hebrides.

Scott made the stanza from the following furnished him by Hogg (Child, IV, 501): —

> "'My nephew bauld,' the Douglas said,
> 'What boots the death of ane?
> Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,
> And I ken the day's thy ain.
>
> "'I dreamd I saw a battle fought
> Beyond the isle o Sky,
> When lo, a dead man wan the field,
> And I thought that man was I.'"

They are part of those Hogg concocted from lines and half lines recovered by 'pumping his old friends' memory'; and as the *Isle of Sky* has no particular relevance, it seems probable that in the version that they partially remembered "sky" meant the heavens

Page 147, line 88. **Till he fell to the ground.** Child thinks (III, 295) this stanza, which is false to history and repugnant to Scottish feeling, must be derived from the English version of the ballad. The corresponding stanzas in the version published by Percy (I, 32) are: —

"The Percy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde,
He smote the Douglas at the swordes **length,**
That he felle to the growynde.

"The sworde was scharpe and sore can **byte,**
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the hearte he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Douglas slayne."

Page 147, line 100. **yonder lily lee.** See note on *O Gin My Love*, p. 151.

Page 147, line 108. **merry men.** See note on *Chevy Chase*, p. 200.

Page 148, line 123. **quoth Earl Percy.** As Hotspur was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, several years before the death of his father, he never succeeded to the earldom.

Page 148, line 127. **yield thee to the braken bush.** "The summons to surrender to a braken-bush is not in the style of fighting-men or fighting-days, and would justify Hotspur's contempt of metre-ballad-mongers." — CHILD, III, 294.

[Hotspur, in Shakspere's *Henry IV*, Pt. I (III, i, 128), says: —

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-**mongers.**"]

Page 148, line 132. **Sir Hugh the Montgomery.** According to Froissart (Bk. III, Ch. 128) it was *Lord* Montgomery who captured Hotspur. Percy quotes (I, 13) Crawfurd's *Peerage* as stating that Sir Hugh was slain by an arrow in the battle. Hogg wrote Scott,

"my relaters added no more, but told me that Sir Hugh died on the field." (Child, IV, 502.)

Page 149, line 139. **Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush.** As a matter of fact the body of Douglas was carried across the Border and buried in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen.

Page 149, line 140. **the Percy led captive away.** Percy ransomed himself by building a castle in Ayrshire for his captor.

GLOSSARY

a, have.
a', all.
abeen, above.
aboon, above.
abraid, suddenly.
ae, a, one.
aik, oak.
ain, own.
airns, irons.
alle, all.
amblit, ambled.
an, if.
ance, once.
ane, one, a.
assay, try.
assoiled, absolved.
at, of.
auger-bore, auger-hole.
auld, old.
avow, vow.
awkward, unexpected? (see note, p. 182).

ba', ball.
bairn, child, man.
bale, ill, evil, misery.
balys, evils, mischiefs.
band, bond, agreement.
basnet, helmet.
bauld, bold.
be, by.
bearing-arrow, an arrow that carries well? (see note, p. 175).
bedone, wrought.
beforn, before.
belive, quickly, immediately.
ben, indoors (see note, p. 154).
bend-bow, bent bow.
benison, blessing.
bent, field.
bespake, spoke.
bete, amend, remedy.
bickered, skirmished? (see note, p. 198).
bide, abide, stay.
bigly, large, comfortable.
bill, halbert, battle-axe.
billie, brother, comrade.
birk, birch.
blane, stopped.
blee, color, complexion.
blythe, sprightly, joyous.
bode-words, messages.
boot, help, gain, advantage.
borrow, redeem.
bot, but.
bot and, and also.
bouer, bower, chamber.

boun, prepare, get ready, go.
bower, chamber.
bown, prepare, make ready, go.
brae, hillside.
braid, broad; flat? (see note, p. 170).
braken, fern.
brand, sword.
brash, sickness.
braw, brave, handsome.
bree, brow.
brent, burnt.
brittling, cutting up, quartering.
broad arrow, an arrow with a broad head.
broo', broth.
brook, bear, endure, enjoy.
broom, a kind of shrub.
brought home, borne.
bugelet, bugle.
buntin', bunting (a bird similar to the sparrow).
burd, maid.
burn, brook.
busk, make ready; dress, deck.
buss, bush.
butts, targets (see note, p. 175).
buy, pay for.
byre, cow-house.

capul-hide, horse's hide.
carline, old woman.
carp, tell, recite, sing.
cast, intend.
catchpolls, bailiff's assistants.
cauld, cold.
certes, certainly.
channerin', fretting.
chase, hunting park (see note, p. 199).
chiel, young fellow.
christendoun, christening, baptism.
christentie, christendom.
clark, clerk, scholar.
cleading, clothing.
cled, clad.
close, enclosure, courtyard.
cloth-yard, an old measure for cloth, twenty-seven inches.
clough, cliff, narrow glen.
cloutie, patched.
coffer, box, trunk.
corbie, crow.
coulters, plough-shares.
cramasie, crimson.
crown, head.
curch, coif, kerchief.

danton, daunt, frighten.
dapperpy, diapered, variegated.
daw', dawn.
daw'ing, dawning.
dee, die; do.
deid, dead.
den, glen.
did on, put on.
dight, done, prepared; oppose
dighted, dressed, wiped.
dint, stroke, blow.
do, cause, make.
dole, grief, sorrow.

dought, could.
doughty, valiant.
dowie, dreary, sad.
down, sandhill; level, sandy tract.
dree, drie, suffer, endure, were able.
drumlie, gloomy, mournful.
dule, dole, grief, sorrow.

ee, eyes.
een, eyes.
e'en, evening.
eldern, elderly, old.
erst, formerly.
even, smooth.
everyeche one, every one.
eyne, eyes.

fadge, a thick loaf of bread; figuratively, a clumsy person.
fadir, father.
fadom, fathom.
fain, glad, pleased.
fare, go, get on (as to circumstances).
far'er, further.
farley, strange.
fashes, troubles, storms (see note, p. 168).
fause, false.
fay, faith.
fee, wealth, property.
fell, skin, hide; sharply; wild hill.
fend, provision.
fere, mate, companion.
ferlie, wonder.
fettle, make ready, prepare.
fit, division of a ballad.
fivesome, five together.
fley'd, frightened.
forbears, forefathers.
forehammers, sledge-hammers.
forthinketh, repenteth.
found, provided for.
frae, from.
free, excellent, noble, gracious.
freke, man.
frush, brittle.
furs, furrows.
fyl'd, defiled, soiled.

ga'e, gave.
gae, go.
gaed, went, gone.
gaen, going.
galore, in plenty.
gang, go.
gar, make, cause.
gar'd, made, caused.
garland, the ring around the mark.
gate, way, road, path.
gaun, going.
gear, property, goods, clothes.
gi'e, give.
gif, if.
gin, if, but.
glede, coal of fire.
glent, glanced, went, darted?
gleuves, gloves.

god a mercy, gramercy, much thanks.
good-brother, brother-in-law.
gouden, golden.
gowany, covered with daisies.
gowd, gold.
graith'd, caparisoned.
greece, fat.
greeting, crying.
greves, groves, bushes.
grisel, gray horse.
grond, ground.
ground-oak, an oak sapling.

ha', hall.
ha'e, have.
haled, hauled, drew.
hallow, hollow.
happed, covered.
hard, heard.
haud, hold.
heiding-hill, beheading-hill (place of execution).
hent, taken.
herry, spoil, plunder.
hie, high, proudly ; go.
hight, was called ; engage, promise.
hind, courteous, kindly ; a youth ; female deer.
hold, shelter, stronghold.
holland, linen (see note on p. 157).
hosen, hose.
houms, level low grounds on a river bank.
humming, making the head hum.

ilka, each, every one.
into, in.
I'se, I shall, I must.
I wis, certainly, assuredly.

jo, sweetheart.

kaim, comb.
kale, cabbage.
keen, bold.
kell, net, head-dress.
kemb, comb.
kembed, combed.
kems, combs.
ken, know.
kent, knew.
kirk, church.
kist, chest.
kith, acquaintance.
knet, knotted.
knichts, knights.
kye, kine, cattle.

laird, landholder under the degree of knight.
laith, loath.
Lammas, loaf-mass (a harvest festival formerly celebrated on August 1).
lane, lone (him lane, by himself ; my lane, myself).
langsome, long, tedious.
lap, leapt.
lauch, laugh.
lawing, account, reckoning.
lawland, lowland.

lawnde, open space in a forest.
lead, roof (see note, p. 193).
leafu', faithful.
lear, lore, information.
lease, lies.
leasing, lying.
lee, lea, field.
leed, talk.
leman, lover.
lend, lean.
let, hinder, prevent.
leven, glade.
lichtly, set light by, undervalue, disdain.
lief, dear.
liever, rather.
lightly, easily, quickly; set light by, undervalue, disdain.
lily, lovely, fair? (see note, p. 151).
ling, long grass, rush.
liquor, moisten, drench.
lith, attend, hearken.
loch, lake.
loot, let.
loset, loosed.
loun, loon, good for naught.
loupen, leapt.
louted, bent, bowed.
low, flame; hillock.
lown, loon, good for naught.
lued, loved.
luikt, looked.
lurden, sluggard, dolt.
luve, love.
.yke, corpse.
lynd, linden (tree in general).
lyne, linden (tree in general).

maill, rent.
mair, more.
makes, mates.
mane, moan.
manhuid, manhood.
March-party, Border-side.
marrow, mate, match.
Marti'mas, the festival in honor of St. Martin, formerly kept on November 11.
marvelit, marvelled.
mastery, feat of skill.
maugre, spite.
maun, must.
may, maid.
meany, troop, retinue.
meen, moon.
meikle, great, much.
merks, marks (a mark was 13*s.* 4*d.*).
merry men, faithful followers.
meten, measured.
methinks, it seems to me.
meyneyeple, long gauntlet (see note, p. 199).
micht, might.
mickle, great, much.
mirk, dark.
mo', more.
moanfu', mournful.
Monanday, Monday.
mort, blast blown when the deer is killed.

mote, may, might.
moul', mould, earth.
muir, moor.

na, no, not.
nae, no, not.
neist, next.
nie, neigh.
nor'land, northern.

o'erword, refrain.
or, ere, before.
outhorn, a horn blown to summon the citizens to arms (see note, p. 174).
ower, over.
o't, of it.

pall, cloak.
pallions, pavilions, tents.
palmer, pilgrim, beggar, vagabond.
pat, put.
paughty, haughty, proud, saucy.
pay, liking, satisfaction.
pellets, bullets.
pestilet, pistol.
pickle, grain.
plat, platted, knit together.
poin'd, took by legal action.
pollaxe, pole-axe (battle-axe with long handle).
pricke, the mark in shooting.
pricked, spurred, rode hard.
pricke-wand, wand or rod set up as a mark.
prime, day-break (see note, p. 174).
prythee, (I) pray thee.
pu'd, pulled, plucked.

quarry, game (especially after it has been slaughtered).
quest, jury.
quire, choir, the part of a church before the altar.
quit, requite, pay.
quite, free, unpunished.

raw, row.
rawstye, rusty? foul? (see note p. 183).
reachless, reckless, careless.
reave, rob.
recks, regards.
rede, counsel.
reet, root.
reiver, robber.
richt, right.
rin, run.
rive, tear.
rout, row, brawl; band, company.
row-footed, rough-footed.

sae, so.
saft, lightly.
saftly, lightly.
sain, say.
sair, sore.
sairly, sorely.

s'all, shall.
sark, shirt.
saugh, willow.
saule, soul.
saut, salt.
scant, scarce, scarcely.
scroggs, shroggs, low shrubs.
sea-maw, sea-gull.
seely, happy, fairy (see note, p. 166).
sen, since.
shales, husks.
shear, several, separate.
sheen, shining, beautiful; splendor (see note, p. 157).
shent, blamed, hurt.
sheugh, furrow, ditch.
shimmered, glittered.
shoon, shoes.
shot-window, projecting window.
shradds, coppices.
shrift, confession.
shroggs, stunted shrubs.
sic, such.
sike, such.
siker, safe.
siller, silver.
sith, since.
sitten, sat.
skaith, harm, mischief.
skinkled, glittered, sparkled.
slade, greensward between woods, valley.
slaw, slain.
sleet, salt? (see note, p. 168).
slight, dismantle, raze to the ground.
slogan, the cry of a clan.
sloken, slake.
slough, slew.
smock, shirt, chemise.
smoldereth, smothereth.
s'ould, should.
sounding, resounding.
soy, silk.
spait, flood.
sparkles, sparks.
spauld, shoulder.
spended, spanned, placed in rest.
spier, ask.
splent, armor.
sprent, spurted.
spurn, kick (see note, p. 202).
sta', stole.
starkest, strongest.
stean, stone.
stear, stir, fright.
steek, stitch.
stemmed, stopped, checked.
stern, stern ones; star.
steven, time; voice.
stey, steep.
stint, stop, stay.
stocks, logs, sticks.
sto'n, stolen.
stound, moment, time.
stour, attack, fight, flight.
stratlins, straddlings, stridings.
strick, strict.
s'uld, should.

swakked, struck violently.
swapped, struck violently.
swat, sweated,
sweven, dream.
swift, of short continuance.
syke, marshy river bottom.
syne, since, afterwards.

tables, a game? assembly of knights? (see note, p. 171).
tae, toe.
ta'en, taken.
tail, quiet part of a stream, where smooth water succeeds a turbulent flow.
tane, one.
tear, tearing? (see note, p. 202).
teen, sorrow, trouble, injury.
tett, lock of hair?
thegither, together.
then, than.
tho, then.
thorough, through.
threw, twisted, intertwined.
throng, pressed.
throw, through.
tide, time.
tift, puff, breeze.
till, to.
tint, lost.
ton, one.
toom, empty.
too-too, very, exceedingly.
toun, town.
tow, two.
tree, piece of wood, shaft.
trew, believe.
trim, neat, spruce.
troth, faith, fidelity.
trow, think, know.
tryst, appointment.
trysted, enticed.
tuik, took.
tull, to, on; till.
twa, two.
twin, twain, apart.

unset, unappointed.
until, into, unto.

verament, truly.
voided, left empty, went away

wad, would.
wadded at, wagered on.
wae, woe, woeful.
wake, watching.
wald, would.
waly, an interjection of grief.
wame, womb.
wan, won; dark, turbid.
wane, one? (see note, p. 200)
waran, surety.
wark, work.
warld, world.
warldis, world's.
wat, wet; know, am sure.
water-kelpy, water-sprite.
weal, wail; clench? (see note, p. 202).
weddeen, wedding.
weed, clothes.

weel, well.
weel-fared, well-favored, handsome.
ween, think.
weened, thought.
weet, wet.
weil, well.
weird, fate, destiny.
well-wight, very hardy.
wend, go.
wether, whither.
wex, wax.
wha, who.
whae, who.
whatten, what sort of.
whether, which; whither.
whiles, at times.
whinnes, furze (a low, spiny shrub).
wight, active, strong, hardy.
wighty, active, strong, hardy.
wild, wild animals, game.
wilful, mistaken.
win, get.
wis, know.
wist, known.
wons, dwell.
wood, angry.
woodweete, woodwale, woodlark? (see note, p. 180).
wood-wroth, mad with anger.
worm, snake, dragon (see note p. 166).
worth, be to, become.
wot, know, am sure (I wot, surely).
wouch, mischief, damage.
wrang, wrong.
wrocken, avenged.
wull, will.

y, ae, one.
yae, every.
yate, gate.
ybent, bent.
ye'se, ye shall, ye must.
yestreen, yesterday evening.
yett, gate.
Yule, Christmas.

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